

The TATLER

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London
December 27, 1939



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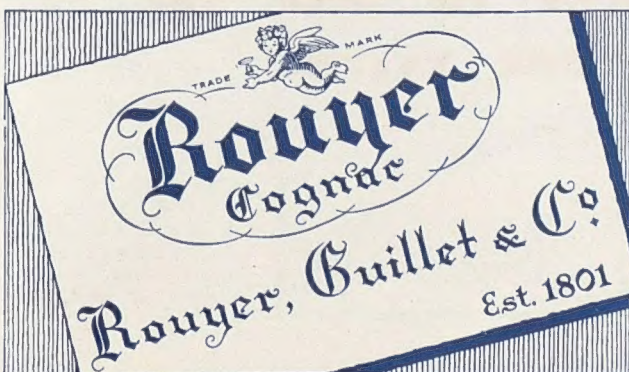
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The TATTLER

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LADY ALEX CADOGAN

Antony Beauchamp

The latest portrait of Lord Cadogan's younger sister, who, like many more, is doing a hard job of work and is at that particularly busy place, the War Office, where every one (so they say) sleeps with one eye open. Lord Cadogan is Master of the Grafton, but having gone back to regimental duty, has handed over charge for the duration to his kinsman, Lord Hillingdon, the famous former Master of these hounds, whose country is the stiffest in England

And the World Said—

MAJOR-GENERAL
AND MRS.
BERNARD
FREYBERG

The latest picture of the G.O.C. New Zealand Forces who has flown to New Zealand to bring back the force to England, and of his wife. Major-General Freyberg, V.C., who was a Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel in the Grenadier Guards, commanded the Hood Battalion in the Dardanelles. Mrs. Freyberg is the daughter of the late Colonel Sir Herbert Jekyll, K.C.M.G., and a sister of Mrs. Reginald McKenna



Lenare



Lenare

EVEN in bad, sad times we must say Happy Christmas. Many of us are living in mental hell—a cogent reason for turning to the heavenly Host. "Born of the Virgin Mary . . . He ascended into Heaven." This should be a religious war like the great conflicts of old, but somehow it is not, though all the elements are present—a high average of Christian decency on one side, and the lowest barbarian practices on the other; the Gestapo and the equally virulent Ogpu being modern forms of the Inquisition—thirsting to dominate, possess, torture and so annihilate the unconquerable soul of man, by doing in his frail body. What a hope! Yet there is hardly any sense of spiritual outrage or religious fervour on our side; most people look on this war as a slumbering monster liable to turn nasty, and certain to make the world safe for buses (to the exclusion of private cars), museums, etc. (what belongs to every one belongs to no one) and mass destitution. A selfish view, perhaps, but only saints and willing slaves lack selfishness, and there are not enough of either species in these islands to infuse our war effort (sickening phrase!) with heroic fire. This may be awoken by another kind of fire; *à propos* it is comforting that Madrid's chief air raid warden has expressed contempt for the ineptitude of incendiary bombs. One of the chief wardens in Westminster, "Reggie" Garnett of the S.E., is "treasuring" the Finnish Red Cross appeal, while his decorative wife (Anne Fortescue) has been shunted from the Ministry of Information to another bureaucratic apiary. Every word of Lord Raglan's valiant attack on the Ministry rings true. "Roy" (to his wife, Lord Belhaven's only daughter)

has no axes to grind, no strings to pull, no wish to score; indeed, he believes his late chief, Sir Walter Monckton, would have made good economies and improvements, given a free hand. Not a rich man, with four children, to whom £700 salary was not to be sneezed at, Lord Raglan might have sat on for the duration vetting two books a day (which Lord Dufferin feebly multiplied by six on behalf of the Government) and listening to colleagues leap-frogging out of each other's way. Now for a personal illustration. Permission was received for a photographer to attend a Sunday night concert

"somewhere in England with the R.A.F." (same old caption), the pictures to be censored as a formality; the Press and Publicity Branch of the Air Ministry having given the facilities. Not at all. After delays and vicissitudes *chez* the censorship (Lord Raglan's target)—every picture of the R.A.F. applauding Delysia was blue-pencilled; protests ignored. Later the Air Ministry readily intervened and you will see the event in THE TATLER. Who will deny that the amount of energy and time expended on this and similar trifling incidents might be put to better use? For instance, the busy bureaucrats might read the "Letters of Gertrude Bell," that rare woman and great traveller in Araby, whose work for her country during the last war was varied, difficult and infinitely worth while. All cannot be Bells and Cavells, but there is an efficient, pleasant medium between greatness and officious incompetence. The F.A.N.Y.s have it, the W.A.A.C.s; the W.V.S.; the W.R.N.S. and all the other enthusiastic alphabetical girls. Including three of "Beaufortshire's" best F.A.N.Y.s—Diana Holland-Hibbert, whose father is Lord ("Thurston")

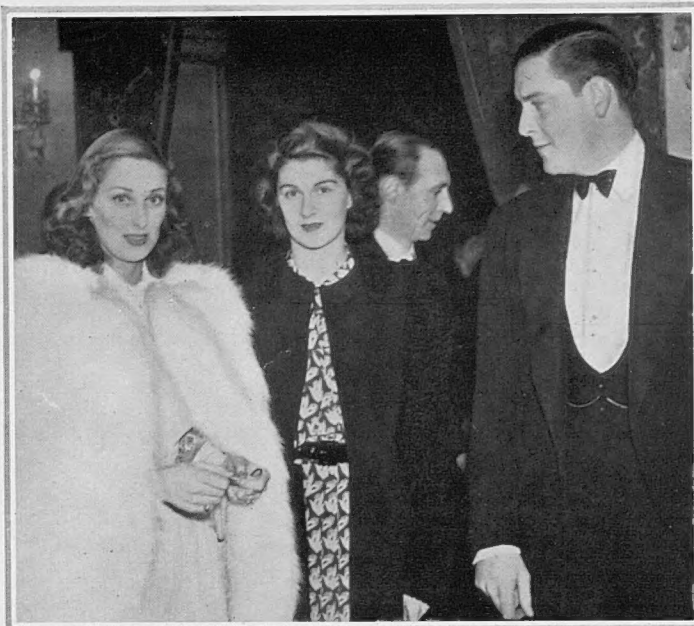


MR. AND MRS. ERIC LEIGH

A recent wedding at Caxton Hall, Westminster, was that between Mr. Eric Leigh of Rockwoods, Brook, Surrey, second son of Sir John Leigh, M.P. for the Clapham Division of Wandsworth, and Lady Leigh of Witley Park, Godalming, and Mrs. Mary B. Butcher, eldest daughter of the late J. H. Jacques, and of Mrs. J. C. Chaytor of The West House, Thirsk, Yorkshire

Knutsford; Ruth Morrison-Bell (who organized the Beaufort Hunt Ball for several years, and life on her father's farm), and Diana Carrington whose sister is a V.A.D.

The F.A.N.Y.s I visited last week "somewhere in Scotland" were a very bonny company, including that pretty gazelle-eyed country girl, Catriona MacLean of Ardgour who, as they answer to surnames, is known as MacLean, though in the opinion of many people she should be "Ardgour" *toute courte*! Her father was the sixteenth chief of the line. The long drawn case about her right to inherit the chieftainship is of absorbing interest to those interested in the clans, in heraldry and in the niceties of Salic practice in Scotland. The Lyon King is involved of course. Whatever the outcome may be the charming Catriona is "of Ardgour" (the much-abused Scottish particle), owner of many Argyllshire acres and an heiress when it comes to heraldry, that fine-sounding anachronism of a science which most Scots nurse a fancy for, though few become experts like the present Lord Mansfield, Mr. Gillie Potter of Hogsnorton (The Potter) and the Edinburgh advocate Hector McKechnie who writes brilliantly on clan history. If you want to relax by mental gymnastics, taking the mind off the wireless, I recommend Sir Francis Grant's "The Manual of Heraldry," written before he became Lyon King. It is full of beautiful antiquated words such as crenelle and undée, which are an Odyssey to beginners, and dear little drawings of things labelled "Argent, a millrind gules," quite as hard to memorize as shorthand. The Great War having practically polished off the "Almanach de Gotha," heraldry, however commercialized and adapted to attract new blood, may not survive this second edition. Meanwhile that proven fighting man and eclectic European, Colonel Wallace Cuninghame, fifteenth Laird of Caprington, whose experience has not yet been utilized in this war (although he only retired from commanding the Life Guards a few years ago), is having a leisurely heraldic discussion with the Lyon King through Albany Herald, Thomas Innes, seventh Laird of Learney (Lord Caithness's son-in-law), on the subject of banners and standards. I hear Sir Francis thinks it



WEST END FIRST NIGHT

Among a large and distinguished audience at the first night of *Ladies in Retirement* at the St. James's Theatre were Miss Margaret Vyner, the beautiful young Australian actress, Miss Susan Bligh, granddaughter of the eighth Earl of Darnley and younger sister of Miss Jasmine Bligh, who used to announce television programmes when there were such things, and Mr. Alastair Stewart



THEATRE PARTY

Also at the first night of Edward Percy's and Reginald Denham's new thriller at the St. James's were Mrs. Vic Oliver, the former Miss Sarah Churchill, daughter of the First Lord, wife of the witty compère and an actress in her own right, Mr. Charles Birkin, Lady Eleanor Smith, whose newest novel, "Mothers' Meeting," comes out next month, and who is Lord Birkenhead's sister, and Captain A. S. T. Godfrey

hair; Lady Sinclair whose son and son-in-law-to-be are on service abroad with the Household Brigade; and Lady Thorburn, full of good works in Peeblesshire, were also lunching. It is difficult to underline sufficiently what a tremendous amount of war work is being done in Scotland, where every one seems really busy, comparatively uncomplaining, and if not exactly high-spirited at least much lighter-hearted than in the south. Believe it or not, at night Edinburgh is madly gay. There have always been more attractive girls per social population in Scotland than anywhere except Ireland; this vintage is well suited (to use the vernacular) by their uniforms, and glowing with attention from innumerable soldier and sailor swains. Night after night the De Guise (which equals the Berkeley) and the Apéritif (the Quaglinos of Frederick Street) are packed to the doors with parties on the *piste* and twos in inglenooks, having a whale of a time—and why not? At the De Guise girls either wear uniform or evening dress—no compromise. Lady Francis Hill (Sheila



FAMILY TRIO AT BOURNEMOUTH

Some high jinks were seen when the Royal Bath Hotel at Bournemouth held a radio party. Among those participating were the three representatives of the Hambro family seen above. They are Mrs. Jack Woodroffe, who was Patricia Hambro before her marriage, wearing a bright red tartan dress and a silver fox cape, her cousin, Mr. Everard Hambro, and her younger sister, Miss Elizabeth Hambro

And the World Said—*continued*

SUB-LIEUTENANT AND MRS. A. C. S. IRWIN AFTER THEIR WEDDING

The bridegroom is a son of Mr. W. S. Irwin of Motihari, famous in the palmy days of indigo in India. Mr. Irwin is a director of Illustrated Newspapers Ltd. Mrs. A. C. S. Irwin is the former Miss Inez Wesley Leach, a daughter of the late Mr. Frank Leach of Jujuy, Argentina, and of Mrs. Leach. The wedding was at St. Ethelburga's Church, Bishopsgate

in one unit have got engaged, including Margaret Mackenzie of Dolphinton and Maude Orr, youngest of three pretty North Berwick sisters, not to be confused with the four pretty Deuchars. Corporal Mackenzie, who is in great form at X Camp (I ken but dar na say) carried a magnificent engagement ring in her tunic pocket, so it is evidently not done to wear diamonds with the King's uniform. Fiancé Francis Johnston and her three brothers are all serving in different regiments, her mother, Mrs. John Campbell, in W.V.S. uniform ("the one bright thing about the war") coping with evacuees—a typical county family, 1939 model. When all the county families have been taxed into the suburbs, a benevolent State may realize vaguely what it has lost in voluntary public service. The loss in goodwill, tradition and example cannot be assessed. The Mackenzies' aunt, Miss Florence Horsburgh, Junior Minister of Health, is spending Christmas in her retreat on the Braids, whence she can survey Edinburgh without descending into it, and what is more important hide from people who want to know things. Her answers in the House are lucid; in her own house she likes to

Macdougall of Lunga, another lovely redhead) was giving points away and still beating the younger generation, including tall, handsome June Napier from Peeblesshire, and dark slender Ann Maitland who plays reels on her accordion to fellow F.A.N.Y.s. But don't sheer away with the idea that these girls are doing nothing but dine out—they work much too hard for their own good. There have been several casualties, including Mrs. David Balfour, who hurt her back lorry driving. Some left war jobs to get married, and fifty per cent

muddle along, without interruptions. But her sister is telling her home truths about the standard of Scottish hygiene and education, as demonstrated during the early days of evacuation, when ungrateful arrivals threw their iron rations at country helpers shouting "a niver tak tinned milk." I wish you could have shared our laughs up in Scotland, but some of the stories depend on the accent and the others are unprintable. On the second day of war one of thirty women billeted on the "Lance" Erringtons in Midlothian met her hostess with, "Have ye ony spare teeth?" Their neighbour, Lady Clerk of Penicuik, could not join our lunch party because she holds a two o'clock Sunday School for the evacuees. This is almost as well attended as Mrs. "Sandy" Cowan's three-course five-penny lunches which her helpers prepare and serve in Penicuik day after day, for those evacuees who have stayed put. Hardly any one in Scotland approves of evacuation—"fair daft"—but they have pulled through it with amazing elasticity. The early scenes will be remembered when the Massacre of Glencoe is forgotten. Mrs. George Heneage suffered the inevitable influx gladly at Killochan, but this picturesque keep proved too austere for Glaswegians, and finally the children were transferred to school at Bargany, where Colonel "Cis" Dalrymple-Hamilton and Lady Margery have worked magnificently, for a colony of children and attendants. In some cases "teacher" is more trouble. The Heneages, whose two-day shoot for the military was not favoured by the weather, have just sold nearly all his property to the Duke of Hamilton—so at least one big landed proprietor feels bullish. Their charming neighbours, Raeburnesque Major "Reggie" Houldsworth and his father who used to command the son's regiment, were unperturbed by the rain, reserving their groans for Ayrshire's lament—the mechanisation of the Yeomanry. All talk of Army changes leads to the dangers of the fundamental change made by Mr. Hore-Belisha—the blow aimed at the officer class and at tradition. His policy appears to be to break the former, but as it is being broken anyhow by the financial revolution the War Minister may be far-sighted in preparing for a re-distribution of gallons. As nearly all the human material in these islands is good, we must not worry too much about the future. The present is disjointed enough, with husbands away and children somewhere else, though many lucky ones have grandparents to fall back on. When Shaw in "You Never Can Tell" stressed the paramount importance of having a father, evacuation was unthought of; the most

valuable relative now is the granpop who thinks his grandchildren should spend the war at his country house, because their presence guarantees him against receiving somebody else's grandchildren.

Princes Street is full of prosperous-looking Christmas shoppers turning into Castle Street to the bookshop, which does a roaring trade though no one ever seems to buy anything; then meeting for elevenses at Ross's, where a newcomer approving the coffee was Mrs. Le Hunte Anderson whose husband is in the famous Scottish regiment never, never to be mechanized. They went to her home near Newbury for Christmas leave, while the Pat Andersons returned to London from Nairn, where the gallant major is disporting himself. The young Leslie Gray-Cheapes and all that lot are at Nairn. Gladys Anderson's sister-in-law, Lady Diana Abdy, was hoping her husband would get leave to join her and their enchanting little son at home in Devonshire. The "Bill" Aitkens are Christmasing with her parents, Sir John and Lady Maffey, near Dublin, where the beauteous Penelope is bound to be admired by the gallant Irish. "Bill" Aitken is one of the big boys in his uncle Lord Beaverbrook's thrusting team, which reminds us to wish Mrs. Douglas Ramsay of Bowland (Laura Aitken) a quick recovery. She is in the Edinburgh nursing home known as "The Gilded Cage." Lord and Lady Longford are back in Dublin from their theatrical tour of the Erse outposts, and Lady Charles Cavendish is at Lismore with her naturalized—Erse—*Dachshunds*.



HEROIC NURSES DECORATED

The Duchess of Northumberland pinning a decoration for valour on Nurse Isabel Juett. On the left is Commandant Vera Cave who was also decorated. The other recipient was Nurse Florence Walker who is not in the picture. The particular act of gallantry for which the decorations were bestowed was for attending to an injured man on the electric railway between Malden and Norbiton in the blackout whilst trains were dashing past

AT GROSVENOR HOUSE

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MRS. JACK HEYWOOD
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MISS VIRGINIA HUGHES-ONSLow
AND MR. ANTHONY MORLEY

It seems quite superfluous to make such a fatuous remark as "The new Grosvenor House cabaret is a winner," for these pictures tell the story. Every one has a grin, or has had, on his or her face. The bill of fare other than that of the most excellent eats, contains the Ambassador Girls from the Restaurant des Ambassadeurs, Paris; Harbin, an amazing conjurer from South Africa, who has something really new in his bag of tricks and is amusing withal; and there are charming Eve Drury and Raymond, who manage to introduce one of those most graceful and stately dogs, a borzoi, into their dance number. A bang-up show all round and exactly the right kind of tonic at a moment when, thanks to some missives in brown envelopes, most of us feel badly in need of a corpse reviver



L. TO R.: MISS MAY BAKER, MR. TOBUTT, MISS JOAN HUME, MR. JOHN KENNING, MISS JOAN SPENCER SCHRADER AND MR. E. REYNOLDS

Racing Ragout

By QUENTIN GILBEY

AS the result of a mental process, known I believe in mathematical circles as *reductio ad absurdum*, I have worked out that by the time the war has lasted three years, young Billy Payne won't even have to salute Lord Gort. On the outbreak of war he enlisted in "Babe" Moseley's little lot, and when I saw him racing the other day he had already risen to be a full sergeant. Incidentally, the stable controlled by this successful young soldier's father produced what is considered the best young 'chaser in recent years in *Psychic Bid*, and such was the confidence in this animal's chance that a gallant major had two years' pay on it. What it hadn't jumped at home was nobody's business, but they had apparently omitted to practise it over a water jump with the sun shining straight in its eyes, with the result that it went for six, and Mrs. Vernet and her male chorus gave little gurgles of delight though "collecting" must be a difficult job these days, as most of my acquaintances seem to have compromised by giving a standing order with their bankers to pay their bookmakers half a crown a week for life. I have always maintained that one of our major mistakes as a nation was to have racing during the whole twelve months of the year, for anything more depressing than standing in semi-darkness on a perishing cold December day, endeavouring to discover whether some hair trunk is still on its legs, I cannot imagine. Admittedly, it makes one appreciate one's fireside when one returns home; but one has consumed so much cherry brandy trying to keep the cold out that one is more than usually irritable, and the little woman who may be sharing your fireside exclaims, "Really, darling, if racing makes you so bad tempered, I think you'd better give it up," and you're forced to admit that there's quite a lot in what she says. When Airgead Sios runs, however, the discomfort of our up-to-date racecourses can be borne with that stoic calm which has made us the envy of less fortunate nations, for we really do get our money's worth. Sir Francis Towle's chestnut is certainly the most amazing horse in my time, for I have never seen any horse "lep" in the way he does, no matter if he takes off before he reaches the wings. Goodness knows where he gets it from (as the chorus girl said as she cashed her boy friend's cheque for fifty quid), because he's nothing to look at. I can't think of anything I should hate more than to have to ride him over fences, as it must feel like sitting on the edge of Beachy Head during an earthquake, for there's nothing in front of the saddle at all. Tommy McNeil, however, rides him perfectly, and appears to enjoy the experience. It was a rare triumph for the Tabors to produce Airgead Sios so fit and well and full of himself after his long absence from the racecourse. The bookmakers seemed to have taken leave of their senses in offering 2 to 1 about him as it was a Paris model to Miss Paget's second best overcoat, on his beating Royal Mail over two and a half miles. Watching him fly through the air on a park course, one would, however, doubt his ability to negotiate Aintree, so carefree is he about where he takes off; but the fact of the matter is that he is an even better horse over that course, for whereas he only gains about a length at every fence at Newbury, at Aintree he gains three.

The war has not yet produced a Rupert Brooke, but Charlie Clarke is fortunately still spared to us and his ode to the Minister of Transport is comparable to any of his earlier efforts, and those who have read his appreciations of Captain McDougall and the Premier Peer of the Isle of Wight will appreciate that this is high praise indeed. I understand that copies of this poem are being sent out by McGarry and Marks

with the Christmas presents from a gentlemen's rendezvous, "not a hundred miles" from Clifford Street.

Despite the general financial stringency, there seems to be still quite a fair amount of money in circulation, judging by the number of chaps out hunting and the even larger number of suckers out buying little women hot meals in the West End of London. The Cottessmore had over eighty out the



MR. AND MRS. R. G. MAXWELL
AT A 'CHASING MEETING

The actual place was Gatwick which there is no harm in mentioning because the enemy has not, so far, decided it to be of any military value. Mr. R. G. Maxwell was one of the many who lent a warlike touch to things



LORD GRAVES WITH MAJOR
AND MRS. JACK POOLE

"Tommy" to every one who has the happiness to know him, there is no more popular or cheerier person goes racing than Lord Graves. Major Jack Poole is a gunner by trade, a D.S.O., O.B.E. and M.C., and now back in the flaming war business

other day, among their number being a noble lord, now a lieutenant-colonel resplendent in full regalia. So impressed was the sentry of a neighbouring guard-room (the censor will probably suppress this, but there are a number of troops stationed in this delectable country) at the splendour of his lordship that as the field moved off to draw the first cover, he turned out the guard.

I understand that there are half a dozen rooms in the War Office stacked with applications for jobs from middle-aged gentlemen anxious to do their bit; but as we've so far, thank heaven, suffered few casualties they just can't be accommodated. In consequence, those of us who are still in cocktail-stained civilian suits are not to blame, and even the most patriotic and bossy little women have refrained from the distribution of those white feathers which were such a blot on the last war. Nevertheless, a civilian suit is a handicap these days and a friend of mine who's made more passes than a professional footballer told me, on leaving a party the other evening, that he considered it a 10 lb. penalty in the "getting off" stakes.

Our deservedly popular correspondent "Guardrail" has been recalled for sterner work than racing. We are fortunate in securing Mr. Quentin Gilbey, famous racing journalist, to fill his place during his absence.

The National Institute for the Blind has decided to publish each month a Braille edition of the current *World Digest*. It will be issued in the "Braille Panda" series.

This series has been inaugurated to provide blind readers with topical literature at popular prices. The first batch appeared shortly before the outbreak of war, and an early volume was that reproducing the famous blue book on the events leading to the rupture with Germany.

FROM STRENGTH TO STRENGTH: A
NEW EDITION OF THE "LITTLE REVUE"



HERMIONE BADDELEY AND EDWARD COOPER



IRENE PRADOR



A SECTION OF THE ATTRACTIVE
BALLET IN THE "LITTLE REVUE"
AND (TOP RIGHT) HERMIONE
BADDELEY AS A "POOR LITTLE
CABARET STAR"

Herbert Farjeon's *Little Revue* looks like becoming as regular as it is welcome as a feature of London's theatre life. The third edition, which was presented at the Little Theatre recently, is no whit below its predecessors in sparkle and acidulated fun. It brings back Hermione Baddeley, one of its earlier highlights, now seen in many guises, but above all as a "poor little cabaret star." Edward Cooper replaces Cyril Ritchard and keeps up the high standard of this department, while one of the best things in a show which never flags is Charlotte Leigh's rendering of "My Bosom is a Belfry." The less satirical side of revue is amply provided for by the versatile charm of young Irene Prador and the graceful convolutions of the ballet



CHARLOTTE LEIGH

Photos: Houston Rogers



ILONA MASSEY—NELSON EDDY'S
NEW SINGING PARTNER

The beautiful young star from Budapest is to play and sing opposite Nelson Eddy in M-G-M's film version of *Balalaika*, this not being her first appearance with the man of the wonderful voice, for she was with him for a short time in *Rosalie*. She then went for a final grooming and to perfect her English

I AM beginning to wonder how suburban people supported existence in the days before the film. People like the Pooters. . . . But I must not suppose that the present generation knows who or what the Pooters are. They are the creation of George and Weedon Grossmith and occur in "The Diary of a Nobody," a book which Mr. Hilaire Belloc declared recently to form with Boswell's "Johnson," the twin-apex of English letters! The family consisted of Mr. Charles Pooter, his wife Carrie, and his son Willie Lupin Pooter at one time engaged to Daisy Mutlar, but who ultimately married a Miss Posh. Now the Pooters lived in the 'eighties at The Laurels, Brickfield Terrace, Holloway, and it was open to them to go to the Marlborough in Holloway Road, or even as far as the Bedford in Camden Town or Collins's at Islington. But Holloway, though many people may not think it so, is still London, and it is not of London that I am thinking. What did people who lived at places like Ealing, Barnet, and Dulwich do with themselves in the long winter evenings? Did they sit round the fire with a good book, or quarrel over whist, or just quarrel? Remember, too, that those were the days before the gramophone and wireless.

This question arises because the other evening I found myself in Hammersmith Broadway round about half-past eight. There is a school of thought which pretends that in the blackout no one part of London is gloomier than any other. People who belong to this school are wrong; they should try King Street, Hammersmith, preferably in a drizzle. To escape from the drizzle, the blackout, Hammersmith, and myself, I turned into the picture palace known as the Commodore. The stalls were at three prices—ninepence, a shilling, and one and three. Laying out the last-named sum I found myself as comfortably ensconced as in any West End theatre, and I am afraid I began to institute comparisons in other respects. What do you see when you enter any London theatre in the middle of a performance? Miss X stirring a cup of tea and talking tittle to Miss Y, eating a crumpet and replying with tattle. This goes on for ten minutes when a gentleman with creased hair and trousers comes in for the purpose of asking Miss X and Miss Y whether they approve of his passion for Miss Z. If the play is by Mr. Noel Coward it will appear that the creased young gentleman

THE CINEMA

By JAMES AGATE

Greater-London Nights

was at one time the paramour of both ladies, and does not propose any more honest relation with the third. But as nobody in the audience believes the young gentleman in question to be capable of admiring anybody but himself, the piece ends in a swamp of narcissine inanity. Now, the film into the middle of which I was plunged the other evening, was a totally different order. It was called *Six Thousand Enemies*, and in it one saw Mr. Cary Grant, or somebody like him, surrounded by some six thousand hairy brutes—in other words, his fellow-convicts in an American prison. It seems that Mr. Grant, or whoever it was, had somehow infuriated the rest of the prison, and that his only way of avoiding being killed was to stand up to the prison bully, an ex-prizefighter, and take a slugging. So, it was thought, might the general blood lust be slaked. Wherefore a boxing ring was erected and Mr. Grant stood up to that bully and well and truly had the stuffing knocked out of him. And then the film became involved, and there was a riot in the prison, and six thousand prisoners were kept at bay by a young lady with fair hair, who under the direction of Mr. Grant turned upon the rioters a jet of boiling steam from the laundry part of the prison in which she worked! And immediately afterwards we saw a charming drawing-room with Mr. Grant putting his arm round the little girl and showing her a model of the prison which included the hall where the boxing took place, and her former laundry! Entering the cinema in the middle of this picture I never quite grasped what it was all about. Nevertheless I found it extremely exciting, whereas in the theatre it is the fact that I know too well what all the plays are going to be about that renders playgoing so comparatively dull.

But this was not all of the evening's entertainment. There followed something called *Spies of the Air*, a really excellent and wildly exciting film about foreign agents who try to worm their way into the secret chambers of our aeroplane manufacturers. The cast contained such well-known players as Mr. Roger Livesey, Mr. Felix Aylmer, Mr. Henry Oscar, and Mr. Basil Radford. There is also Mr. Barry K. Barnes, an actor for whom I do not particularly care, when in the theatre he plays counter-jumpers pretending to be gentlemen, but whom I like enormously in films like this one, where the hero puts his whole soul into pretending not to be a gentleman. To make it simpler, I do not greatly care for this actor when he is mounting ducal stairs; I like him exceedingly when he is mounting the skies in the cockpit of an aeroplane. As I say, the film was exciting. There came the moment when a young gentleman, so English that he was obviously in the pay of a foreign government, arrived at the aerodrome in the dead of night having, he said, unluckily ditched his car. All this happened in the middle of Salisbury Plain and on the night before a new aeroplane was to be shown to the War Office. And the young man whose car had been ditched had perforce to be invited to stay the night.

At this moment I had to choose between seeing the rest of the film and securing a table for supper at my favourite restaurant, where after eleven o'clock nor smiles nor gold will procure you the essential yard of red velvet. So I got up and left, firmly resolved to hie me to Hammersmith again tonight to see the beginning of the first picture and the end of the second! How shall I while away those portions of the pictures I have already seen? The answer is simple. I shall explore King Street, and by peering through chinks and listening at keyholes, attempt to discover how Hammersmith amuses itself when it is not at the pictures. For it must be in that way that Hammersmith amused itself in the pre-cinema days.

* * *

This is Christmas! The time of enchantment and timeless custom; the page in the Book-of-the-Year wherein all may read happiness and gaiety; when the world of the fairy holds court and old hearts become young again. Then it is that wide-eyed children come into their own, and feel that their every wish should be granted. What is it they all love most of all when night has fallen, and the fire blazes in the hearth?

There is surely no child who could resist the new edition of J. M. Barrie's original text of "Peter and Wendy" (Hodder and Stoughton, 25s.), lavishly illustrated by Edmund Blampied, and beautifully bound.

DELYSIA AGAIN ENTERTAINS OUR FIGHTING FORCES



MRS. F. J. VINCENT AND
WING COMMANDER L. T. KEENE



ALSO AT THIS R.A.F. CAMP CONCERT:
CO.-ASST. E. FRAMPTON, SQUADRON-LEADER
WHISTONDALE AND CO.-ASST. ORAM



GROUP CAPTAIN F. J. VINCENT, O.C.
STATION, AND AIRWOMAN HELEN MACKAY



BRIGADIER G. D. OZANNE AND
MRS. J. L. SANDERSON



CROONERS AUDREY, MARY ANN AND PAT
AND P/O. F. C. GIBBS



ALICE DELYSIA AND F/L. L. W. C.
PEARCE-GERVIS

In the last war Delysia, whom we have come to consider belongs as much to us as she does to our French "buddies," did so much to lighten the fog and gloom of war. She is doing the same now, as well as her normal job in *French For Love* at the Criterion. We are proportionately grateful. The function depicted above was a camp concert for the chaps who are putting up such a magnificent show in the air, and it is hardly necessary to say that it went like the bang of a 500-lb. bomb. Delysia is seen with the adjutant of the station—a definite honour for him. The O.C. Station and wife appear in two of the pictures and some of the officer personnel are with officers of the W.A.A.F.s and the O.C. with Airwoman Helen Mackay who is waiting to be gazetted a Company Assistant. Brigadier Ozanne, seen with the charming wife of an officer on the Station, is famous in Army golfing circles. P/O. Gibbs was the only officer to take the stage, and is seen with some discovered crooning talent

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

Music-Hall History.

I SUPPOSE it is always more or less unjust to compare the past with the present. The past borrows its own perspective—usually rosy, but if not, blacker than a black-out. All the same, people who have a past are never tired of delving into it; the longer the past, the more persistent the delving. Always provided they can get somebody to listen to them—and to believe. So I am going to delve herewith, and part of the treasure I am going to bring up to the surface is the belief that men and women years ago had, as a whole, far more real individuality than they possess to-day. They may not have been able to read and write so fluently, but they were no worse off for that, if all they read to-day are "shockers" and the more puerile daily newspapers; and what they write, if ever they do, is comparable to nonsense with only a full-stop or a dash for punctuation. Education may enlighten; quite often it only muddles; but it also levels—mostly down to an unimaginative and unthinking plane. For character—which is personality—I would far sooner go in search of a shepherd than to the prize crew of some secondary education. And, after all, it is character which counts in the long run; counts, that is, for any potent meaning which life has to show for itself.

The trouble with the present generation seems to me that too many of them not only look alike, or try to, but—which is infinitely worse—think alike; and are not in the least perturbed by it. Sheep following sheep, with Hollywood head-lines and advertisements as the head shepherds. Honestly, we all see and hear too much of each other, thanks to a branch of science. We are too seldom alone. We herd. And where there is a herd, there is just about only one idea, and that probably fanatical. No wonder we cheer the wrong idols and follow blindly the strongest scent! In the old days, people knew their place, and although to-day such a resignation is considered derogatory, it is far happier to know your place and make something of it, than hanker jealously after other places, to which you come merely as a bit of bad "copy." "Copy" is always a soul-deadening goal. And mass-formation never achieved anything except just mass-formation. If you like it, well and good; but nothing whatever comes out of it, all the same.

As one aspect of it, Mr. George Foster's interesting book, "The Spice of Life": Sixty-five Years of the Glamour World (Hurst and Blackett; 10s. 6d.), bears out what I say. It is a book of the music-hall; the old-fashioned music-hall; when, happily, a man could safely take his wife and daughter without bringing a blush to the cheek of either. What, incidentally, these same wives and daughters are doing to-day, when the average music-hall programme is infinitely dirtier than ever I remember it to have been long ago, I simply can't imagine. Perhaps they have forgotten how to blush. Or perhaps father does the blushing nowadays? Anyway, whatever the old turns may have been, they were the turns of individuals, not of something which has gone before. You have only to see this whenever an old-timer appears among a lot of modern stars. Within five minutes the stars have been wiped off the stage! Old they may be, but they get over without a smutty story or showing much more than merely a leg. They were brought up in a hard school, not, so to speak, to achieve an entrance into the Savoy Grill after the show. No wonder memory loves them. They may have been often humanly vulgar, but they

were nevertheless *real*. Real, like Gracie Fields is, on or off the stage.

It is delightful to meet so many of them again as one meets them in Mr. Foster's book. Marie Lloyd, for instance, to whom Mr. Foster was engaged to be married until, unfortunately, he introduced her to Percy Courtney, a young racing man with plenty of money, with whom she fell in love; and thus provided Gus Elen with one of his most famous songs: "Never

Introduce Your Donah to a Pal." Nevertheless, they always remained friends. No one could quarrel with such a big-hearted, honest woman as Marie Lloyd. "No one ever appealed to her in vain," he writes. "I have seen the poor and needy, the down-and-outs, the spongers, soakers, wasters of both sexes, literally lined up outside her dressing-room door on a Saturday night. Marie had something to give to each one of them. She never learnt the art of saying 'no' to hangers-on who plagued her life and who, furthermore, honestly believed that they were entitled to all they could get out of her." Which, incidentally, is the queer psychological outlook of hangers-on; the tragedy of those who can never say "no." Yet you love and admire her all the same; so different are the stories told of her in

this book from the stories which Mr. Foster tells us of Harry Lauder. Well, perhaps, as he suggests, Lauder's closeness was cultivated by him as a publicity stunt; something on which anybody could found a good story. Moreover, Mr. Foster's own life-story is as interesting as the world of the old and modern music-hall which, so to speak, has been its background from the days of his youth.

In his early teens he was engaged to throw a bouquet twice nightly at a singer of topical songs; then he became a turn himself. His description of the old music-hall chairmen is one of the most entertaining chapters in the book. During his early struggles as a variety agent he set up business in "Poverty Corner," otherwise the junction of the Waterloo Road and York Road, and was set upon by his rivals and badly mauled. But he was ambitious, and eventually, of course, he became one of the leading variety agents in the country. Thus he knew intimately most of the old stars, and followed the rise of many who still shine. He gives us

(Continued on page 428.)



Rogé

MR. CECIL BEATON

The well-known young artist and society photographer, whose new book, "My Royal Past," which is described as an amusing literary hoax, is just being published by Batsford, Ltd., at 21s. As will be recalled, Mr. Beaton was recently privileged to take some very beautiful pictures of H.M. the Queen



MR. ANTHONY EDEN AND LORD HALIFAX

The former and the present Foreign Secretaries in close juxtaposition at Foyle's Literary Luncheon at Grosvenor House last week. Mr. Eden is the present Dominions Secretary, and he and Lord Halifax have identical views about the war in general and the German Army in particular



CLOSE TO PILGRIMS' WAY, SURREY—LOOKING TOWARDS NEWLANDS CORNER



IN WINTER'S GRIP—RIVER BRENT, NEAR HANWELL, MIDDLESEX

Photos. : J. Dixon-Scott, F.R.P.S.

Two views taken very close to the heart of the world, London—one in that beautiful county, Surrey, and the other in the even less advertised Middlesex, and in both the hand of a great artist in landscape is disclosed. It is not only the west and the north which can provide pictures of great beauty of our countryside—but unhappily we so often overlook the things which are just below our very nose

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

something of the history of the Gaiety Theatre, and bemoans, as we all do, the loss of a place of entertainment with such a brilliant tradition behind it. He fought for the rights of barmaids in the L.C.C., and, as a member, threw all his influence into the fray to make London's entertainments brighter and better. Indeed, the last sixty-five years of London's variety world comes to life again in his pages; comes to life intimately and lovingly. Every old theatregoer will delight in this book. It brings back almost a lost world; but it is a world which will never be forgotten by all those who lived in it and loved it and the stage personalities who helped to make it so human and so gay.

Hollywood Stars.

Reading Mr. Vivian Ellis's little book, "Ellis in Wonderland" (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d.), one wonders if any of the big "celluloid" stars will be remembered, apart from Charlie Chaplin, sixty-five years hence; or if they will provide the least interest after ten years. Within a short period, most of them are "dead" as it is; or, when their famous old films are revived, they are revived to be laughed at, rather than admired. As living personalities, only a mere handful are worth writing about. Apparently they are as alike in life as they are on the screen; and that—for me—is a deadly sameness. Mr. Ellis tries his best, but his book is most entertaining by the way he writes it, not by the human subjects and the houses they inhabit, of which it treats. Inwardly, I imagine, he was a little bored by them all himself. That awful gramophone record of charm with which he was greeted everywhere must have made the memory of a coster's back-chat sound like wit! But he seems to have gone everywhere in Hollywood, met everybody, seen everything and was glad to get home.

But Hollywood will always be funny, if only because it represents absurdity fondly believing it achieves sense; even art; even uplift. There is a description of a smart dinner-party where all the company except himself and his friend, started off drunk. There is also another story of a party given at Pickfair to meet a Grand Duchess, at which the writer crashed-in as a waiter, because otherwise he could never have got in. "The noise was terrific, everybody's gramophones going at full blast, almost annihilating the efforts of a Russian orchestra, to whom even lashings of vodka and a shifting of seats failed to give a superiority of volume. The tea was from five to seven, though some stayed until eight-thirty. The photographers were sent away, Mary Pickford being one of the few people here who needs no publicity. In deference to the Grand Duchess, the party was quite an intimate one, only seventy guests being present. Few cups of tea were consumed, but nobody fell into the swimming-pool, or behaved badly, except myself. I made seven dollars and no tips."

Mentally, Hollywood is apparently just about the most provincial place in the world. The big noises know nothing,

or care about nothing, apart from their own noise or the noise somebody else is making in opposition. Shop is the order of the day and of every conversation. Only the tragic side of the whole business and the huge cheques are real. But what always amuses me is the enormous fuss, the colossal expense, the deafening bombast which seem to be necessary in order to produce a picture which, if read as a book, one would present to an adolescent cretin without the least misgiving! But if you like to read about Hollywood and to meet the stars on paper, here is a light and amusing little book, which reads rather like a series of letters sent home, but is not less readable all the same.

The Living Theatre.

What a joy it was for me—I who, alas! am bored stiff by nearly every American and British picture, but mostly enjoy the foreign films we see over here as much as I do a good play—to pick up Mr. James Agate's new book, "The Amazing Theatre" (Harrap; 10s. 6d.). For he is just about the only dramatic critic whose criticisms I enjoy as much when I hope to go to see the play criticised, as when there is no earthly chance of ever seeing it! Consequently, they can be enjoyed as much in volume form as when you read them week by week, when they are topical. In fact, Mr. Agate in the *Sunday Times* and Miss Lejeune, writing on films in the *Observer*, cost me exactly fourpence each week! Their criticisms have this much in common: they know quite well what they are writing about (in juxtaposition to some other critics, who seem to wonder why they are writing at all); they are witty; they are fair; they are logical; and yet they are strictly individual.

And truly the theatre is amazing! Writes Mr. Agate in his Preface: "That the drama should persist in spite of the cinema, broadcasting, television, dance music, lawn tennis, motoring, and the open hostility of the film-seducing Press—this dour resistance to mass-attack, including the Storm Troops of General Indifference, strikes me as perhaps the most amazing thing in an astounding world." I don't believe, however, that he

need be so pessimistic. I have scarcely met anybody, approximately adult-minded that is, who would not far sooner go to the living theatre than to any celluloid imitation. Prices, however, are against them and, let me also add, quality. Given, however, cheap seats and good acting in a good play . . .! Every lover of the modern theatre should delight in this volume of Mr. Agate's dramatic criticisms during the past year. It is full of wisdom and wit, and some of the most bitingly comprehensive criticism of all is contained in verse! It is a book written by a man who understands the theatre and loves it; but doesn't loll on it like a film-fan. His dramatic criticisms are consequently not only brilliantly readable, they are mentally a tonic as well—and in a general sense too.



MISS AGNES CELESTRIA KING, WHOSE ENGAGEMENT
IS ANNOUNCED

Miss King's engagement to Sub-Lieutenant Charles Guy Vaughan Lee, R.N.V.R., was announced on the 12th. She is the daughter of Captain Charles King, Coldstream, and Lady Clare King, an aunt of the Earl of Gainsborough. The future bridegroom is the only son of the late Admiral Sir Charles Vaughan Lee and Lady Vaughan Lee

Cannons of Hollywood

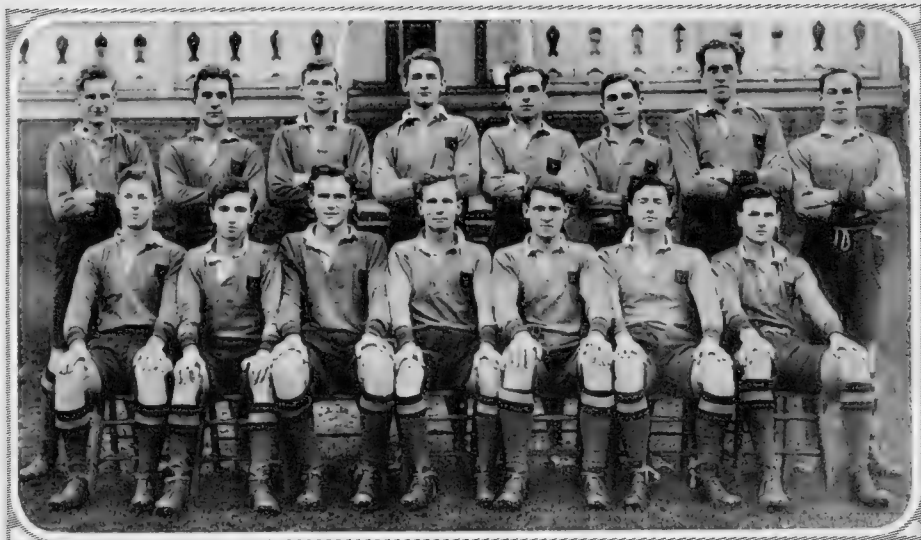
FIGHTING UNITS : No. 12



NUMBER — GROUP, R.A.F.—By "MEL"

In these times, when descriptive detail concerning any unit of our fighting forces is so severely restricted, it leaves the producer of any supporting chat to any such work of art as the above, badly gravelled for matter. But wherever this unit is—and, for the matter of that, wherever any R.A.F. unit is—it may be stated that it is doing its job. *Vide* what the Air Minister has recently said about them. The A.O.C. this unit, incidentally, belongs to a family that fought in the First Crusade, so that nothing need be said about the spirit with which he imbues his command

NEXT WEEK: A RECORD AND PAY OFFICE UNIT



THE ST. EDWARD'S SCHOOL, OXFORD, XV.

This side triumphed by 6 points to nil over the strong Radley XV. (see opposite page) on the enemy's own ground on the occasion of what they call the local "Derby"

The names in the picture are, l. to r.: (Front) C. T. Cooke, D. H. Y. Dawson, H. W. Gamon, A. K. Butterworth (captain), E. J. Mostyn, G. B. Palan, B. I. R. Davidson; (back) M. S. Bradford-Martin, J. M. Culbertson, D. G. Worcester, J. C. M. McMichael, A. G. Langdon, M. W. Henderson, R. H. Slemack, and R. L. Yorke

HOGMANAY, or Cake Day, the Scotsman's New Year's Eve, will be upon us almost as soon as the ink is dry on this paper. It originated as an occasion for giving things in a land which for æons has carried on under the entirely libellous assertion that "a Scotsman keeps the Sawbath and everything else he can lay his hand on." Never has a greater defamation been perpetrated, but the fact that it has persisted all this time is almost entirely the Scotsman's own fault, for all the best stories about his alleged nearness have emanated from him. He is the only man of our British race who knows how to treat the New Year with the respect due to it and all that it may bring. His idea is that we should put a merry face on it and not begin it with a mournful countenance and be ready to see a coffin in every candle and believing that nothing will ever be well again in a wicked world rushing headlong to destruction.

The Scotsman thinks this is all wrong—and he is right! He launches the New Year by giving his pals presents, and oat-cakes to the children, and at one time—and

it may still continue—by "the singing or acting of the guisers or masquers." But this is not all. The Hogmanay kick-ups are immediately followed by a rite which I understand is called "furrst futtin'" —not being a Scotsman I do not claim any purity in pronunciation, but I have comprehended that it has something to do with a tour upon which you must be accompanied by a bottle of whisky. You call upon everyone you know and after giving them a bos'n's nip out of your own bottle get one in return out of theirs. How long you can keep it up I have never heard, but roughly these are the rules as explained to me by an expert. In any event, this all bears out that Scottish conception of the New Year which is lacking in this more southern region. They infuse hope, but we are far more inclined to let ourselves get full of foreboding. There is a Scottish saying which I think fits in hereabouts and it is this: "May the wee moose ne'er leave yere meal poke wi' a tear in his ee!" And yet some people dare to think of the Scot as close-fisted.

The kind of story the Scot is very fond of telling against himself to keep alive the libel of his nearness is like this. Two

Pictures in the Fire



G. W. Day

AT A RED CROSS SALE AT YESTER HOUSE

The Marchioness of Tweeddale lent her house at Gifford, East Lothian, and the Marchioness of Bute, so well known in the hunting world, performed the opening ceremony. In the picture are, l. to r., the Marchioness of Tweeddale, the Marchioness of Bute, and Lady Hamilton Dalrymple



THE UNDER-SECRETARY FOR WAR TRYING TO LEARN "BRAG"

Sir Victor Warrender, M.P. for Grantham, getting a lesson in the intricate nine-card game of "brag" at an Army canteen somewhere in Oxfordshire which is run exceptionally well by Mrs. Ronald Tree, Mrs. Gaskell, and some more willing helpers



Howard Barrett

LIEUT.-COLONEL E. J. L. SPEED WITH THE QUORN

This was taken on the day when the Household Cavalry comprised a large part of the field and had a nice day's fox-catching. Colonel Speed commands a unit of the Household Brigade, and, as many have reason to know, is a bad 'un to beat

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MARLENE DIETRICH —

— DOESN'T SHE LOOK SWEET?

— BUT TURN OVER!

AND MARLENE FROM TURNS INTO A



A BUCKET OF WATER ENDS THE FIRST ROUND: UNA MERKEL (MINUS SKIRT)
AND MARLENE DIETRICH



LEERING DOWN THE BAR
MARLENE AT THE



A COUP DE SAVATE FOR JAMES STEWART—BUT MARLENE
IS CLEVERLY COUNTERED



MARLENE AND UNA MERKEL

According to highly expert Hollywood only "sure-fire entertainment"; but to be proved. Marlene Dietrich obviously it is certain that she would not have p Merkel in this new picture in course includes hair-pulling, wrestling, kicking, tearing, and, finally, a bit of pretty v Dietrich nor Una Merkel would avail stunt girls whose job it is to "stand i took on all the rough stuff in person of it, but nothing like what the two l that in this collection of scene

M A SILKEN SIREN A "HELL CAT"



REL OF A SIX-SHOOTER:
ND OF THE FIGHT



"TIME, LADIES, PLEASE!": UNA MERKEL, JAMES STEWART
AND MARLENE



N "DESTRY RIDES AGAIN"

opinion, roughhouse used to be the
whether this still remains true has
sly thinks that it will be, otherwise
umped for an all-in fight with Una
of preparation. This hearty scrap
punching, bottle-throwing, stocking-
work with a gun. Neither Marlene
themselves of the services of the
n" for this sort of thing; and they
James Stewart came in for some
adies went through. It is suggested
every picture tells a story



A TOE-HOLD BY UNA IN THE COURSE OF THE ALL-IN BATTLE
WITH MARLENE

HOLDING THE HOME

FRONT IN LONDON



MR. J. D. A. SYRETT
AND MISS CYNTHIA TOULMIN



MISS DIANA SHANKS,
ALSO AT THE CAFÉ
DE PARIS



AND MR. AND MRS. CULLINGFORD
(NÉE MARY FOSTER)



Photos: Swaebe

LORD TREDEGAR, LADY MELCHETT, LADY
TREDEGAR, AND LORD MELCHETT



INCLUDING LORD ERRINGTON, MR.
GREGORY-HOOD, MR. RUPERT GERARD,
MR. OLIVER BEVAN, LORD CARRING-
TON, SIR HUGH SMILEY, LORD STANLEY,
AND MR. E. T. COOK

(BELOW) MRS. FISKE AND CAPTAIN
HENNESSY



The troops principally engaged upon this occasion were drawn from the Brigade of Guards, the names of the exact regiments not being permissible by order of the Censor who censors pictures, and who has been under rather hot fire himself recently. The strong point held was the Maginot Line of the Café de Paris. As to a few picture catalogue details, Mrs. Cullingford, who is

a daughter of the famous actor, Basil Foster, was formerly Lady Ratendone. Lord Errington, in another group, is Lord Cromer's son and heir; and Lord Carrington, who succeeded to the title in 1938, was born in 1919. Mrs. Fiske is the former Lady Warwick, and Lord Melchett, in a family party with Lord and Lady Tredegar, is a former Master of the Oakley hounds

Priscilla in Paris

HAPPY NEW YEAR, 'Très Cher! May tremendous things come tremendously right for all of us in 1940. I like dates that end with an "o." They have a nice, round, joyous appearance on paper, so why shouldn't they pan out the same way in reality? On this eve of "the 'forties"—that probably will be even more splendid and certainly less idle than those of the last century—our skies seem grey and grim and anxious, and we are having a hard tussle, *nous autres* civilians, to squash our desire to be over-officiously up-and-doing when common sense tells us to sit tight and cultivate patience (that most tedious of all virtues); but smiles and silver linings are there just the same, round the corners and peeping between the chinks of those fog curtains of depression that threaten us, but that will never quite envelop us if we darn well decide not to let 'em. All of which, duckie, sounds a thought priggish, but comes from noble sentiments and a pure 'eart! ("Hear, hear!" says the Censor—I *hope*!) Even with the help of the illustrated magazines that kind friends send from England, and that often manage to arrive fairly quickly—no thanks to the queer blokes, in over-trimmed uniforms, that decide, so erratically, "for" and "against" what is and what isn't good for us—I cannot quite visualise your black-outs or realise the atmosphere of wartime London, and I am not sure whether the things that Paris wishes for itself, and for those it loves, are the same as those that may appeal to you. Such as they are, however, we wish 'em upon you as we do upon ourselves—

FOR THE "POILUS."

More letters and less mud.
More Beer and train-loads of Skittles.
("Skittles" standing for anything from mouth-organs to wireless sets.)
Funnier fare from the entertainment parties. (Fewer fables from La Fontaine and more Fernandel!)

Biscuits for the war-dogs. (Meaning the real bow-wows!)

Loosely knitted socks, large sized. (Trench laundry will soon make 'em fit.)

Waterproof capes, same-like *les Tommies*!

Oh, and lots more do we wish-us-all, ending with the biggest wish of all: "May we have the Peace with Honour that we are fighting for so grandly and so humbly, and, when it comes, may we make no mistakes about the use we make of it."

Meanwhile, if there wasn't this funny business—and when I say "funny" I don't mean *funny*—of closing everything down at eleven pip-emma, Paris would be most extraordinarily like the Paris of pre-Second-Great-War times. We have lights and laughter, the usual Christmas and New Year booths on the *grands boulevards*, the most delicious food, and now the *dansingues* (which is French for palay-der-dance) are open again, the lads-on-leave have no call to sit at home over backgammon and poker-patience in the evening, *unless they want to*. Of course, I'm all for it if they prefer it that way—as did my old man when he was back, a bit before Christmas, but this, methinks, is another and more private story.

One of the many items I have not mentioned in the above list of New Year wishes is (or are?) drawing materials for the artists at the Front. Yewdbesurprised, 'Très Cher, how many more men prefer pencil to pen as a mode of self-expression. Send them the wherewithal, therefore, to make rough sketches that they can work up later, or even when they return to their base. Edward Molyneux (Captain, to us, 'Très Cher) has been the principal organiser of a marvellous show, at 140, Faubourg St. Honoré, consisting of sketches and pictures by artists now at the Front. The proceeds of the "gate" (which happens to be a glass door) will go to help many of the 1200 artists now on active service, as well as those, not yet mobilised, who have had their little world knocked out from under them. Noel Coward, who seems to be still growing, for he looks taller every time I meet him, was at the *Vernissage*, and became the horrified butt of every autograph-hunter present. His two- (or three-?) year-old film, *The Cad*, as well as that now time-honoured draw, *Cavalcade*, are again being shown at the Cinéma des Ursulines, and the crowd waiting for seats is packed solid for yards along the pavement. Van Dongen and Jean-Gabriel Domergue represented two very different spheres of Art, but both did the right thing with cheque-book and fountain-pen. Many of the pictures were soon tabbed with that heart-warming little ticket—"Sold", and Captain Molyneux told me that several had been bought by the Duchess of Kent.

I had hoped to celebrate my New Year by going to a certain base, and thence to Somewhere-near-Somewhere-Else, in order to be present at one of the entertainments given by "*le théâtre aux armées*" to the troops. At time of writing, however, I am still in such a muddle of red tape that I feel like the office-boy who, trying to straighten out a tangle of string, declared: "Somebody's been and gorn and cut off the end!"

PRISCILLA.

FOR CIVILIANS.

More letters and less red tape.
More coffee and cheaper knitting-wool. (We've run a bit short of these commodities.)

More good music. (Most of the Sunday symphony concerts have started again; we can't have enough of them.)

Still cheaper rates for parcel-post to the Front.

The possibility of booking theatre seats (free) for the lad due home on leave. "Cut rates" are all very fine, but what about it when one is faced by the "House Full," boards?

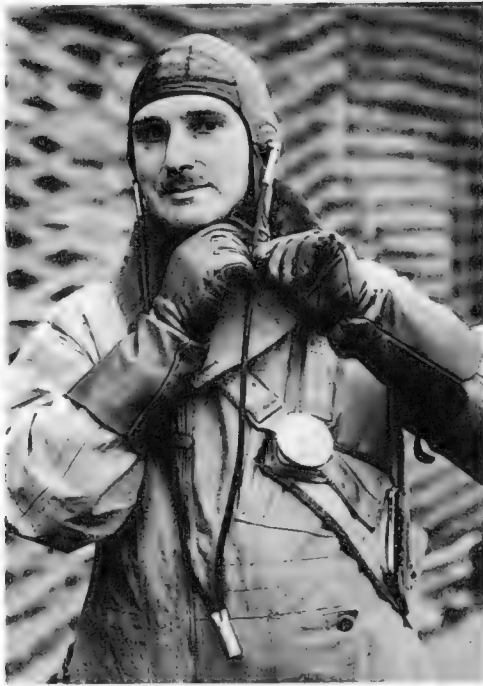


JOSEPHINE BAKER, PET OF THE POILUS AND BIG SUCCESS IN "PARIS-LONDRES"

Our contributor "Priscilla" has already told us something about Josephine's sweeping success in the new Casino revue, but her greatest recent smash-hit has been with the *poilus* up at the front and on leave in Paris. She and Maurice Chevalier have been doing as so many of our own star entertainers have, and putting a bit of colour into the drab job of campaigning

AIR EDDIES

By
OLIVER STEWART



CRICKETER AIRMAN

Squadron Leader A. J. Holmes, the popular Sussex cricket captain, has forsaken the bat for the joystick and is now putting in four or five hours' flying time daily as a Chief Flying Instructor at an R.A.F. Training Centre, where each pilot must pass out through his hands

Balloonatics.

THOUGH the barrage balloons are constantly in the public eye, their crews are not. A wholly erroneous impression has got about that the men who man the balloons let the things up and then have nothing more to do until they want to pull them down again. Actually a balloon is endowed not only with the contours, but also with the temperament of a prima donna. It can storm about the stage in a manner

strongly reminiscent of an operatic star; it can be outraged, tearful, dignified and just downright furious.

There was a time when the public tended to laugh at the balloon barrage and to ask if it would be "any good" if raiders came. Largely because of two unfortunate accidents, when our own machines struck the cables and were brought down, the doubt about the efficacy of the barrage has disappeared. Public opinion seems to have swung the other way and to have adopted the belief that the balloon barrage can provide complete protection.

Actually the barrage, as I have explained before, has its own clearly defined zone to protect. It could not and is not expected to do more than give protection against the low-flying raider and the dive-bomber. Enemy machines flying high must still be dealt with by anti-aircraft gun-fire and by our fighting aeroplanes. But what the balloon barrage is intended to do, it does extremely well.

Tales from the Winches.

The crews have a hard time of it. They are stuck out at their posts in all weathers, with often very little protection against the wind and the rain. When the wind gets up they have to fight a battle with a cable which behaves like a frenzied contortionist. Before now an entire winch—which, as you know, is a respectable sized lorry—has suddenly gone gay and rushed wildly over the countryside, preferably towards the edge of a cliff or the side of a dock.

Runaway lorries are difficult enough to coax back to control at the best of times, but when there is a "malignant monster" up there in the sky thrashing away at the end of a cable tied to it, the problem becomes one of considerable excitement, not to say anxiety.

In view of all this it is curious, but a fact, that the crews become quite attached to their balloons—attached, I mean, by other means than a cable. In one case a crew,

after having kept watch ceaselessly for a couple of months, was persuaded to take twenty-four hours' leave. Rather reluctantly, they handed over their charge to the substitute crew. And sure enough, up came a gale and away went their balloon. When the original crew returned they were most aggrieved. It wouldn't have happened with us, they said. You see, we *understood* the habits of this particular balloon.

Air War.

Anonymity has its uses and its abuses. I have never quite understood why those who achieve success in battle should be nameless, although, I suppose, there is much to be said against the building-up of "ace" reputations. They tend to encourage emulation, but they also tend to create a certain amount of jealousy among those who have to bear more, perhaps, but whose work prevents them from being in the limelight.

Occasionally, however, the granting of a decoration reveals the names of those

who have done well. An Air Ministry Order, which came out just before I took pen to write these notes, gave three



INSTRUCTORS RELAX

Sergeant-Pilot Freddy Cameron (right) is not likely this year to get a chance of visiting the Swiss snow-fields, where he shines so brilliantly on skis, so he and Sergeant-Pilot Thomas Knowles Breaknell, who was a Flight Lieutenant in the last show and has had a "ticket" since December 1914, pop over to a handy golf club in the intervals of turning R.A.F. recruits into navigators and observers at a West Country training centre

names of officers to whom the King had awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross. They are: Squadron Leader P. R. Barwell, Flight Lieutenant P. Gifford and Flight Lieutenant G. C. Pinkerton. The D.F.C. is awarded for gallantry in the face of the enemy. The action in which Squadron Leader Barwell was engaged took place about thirty miles from the mainland over the North Sea, where enemy bombing aeroplanes were attacking a British convoy. Squadron Leader Barwell shot down the first enemy machine himself and then, in collaboration with two other pilots, succeeded in bringing down a second one.

Flight Lieutenant Gifford, leading sections of his squadron, shot down two enemy bombing aeroplanes. In the official report Flight Lieutenant Pinkerton is stated to have closed to a range of fifty yards from the enemy machine before he brought it down. With modern speeds this is point-blank range and is about as close as two machines in combat can go without a collision.



APPRENTICES' PRIZE-GIVING

The Passing Out Inspection of apprentices at a school of Technical Training recently was carried out by Air Vice-Marshal P. C. Maltby, who is seen presenting a prize to the head boy, Sergeant-Apprentice R. A. C. Green, who comes from Rhodesia



KILLOCHAN CASTLE, AYRSHIRE, A FINE SPECIMEN OF SCOTTISH BARONIAL ARCHITECTURE

AN AYRSHIRE COVERT SHOOT



MR. AND MRS. GEORGE CATHCART-WALKER-HENEAGE



LIEUT.-COLONEL WILLIAM
W. S. CUNINGHAME



COLONEL W. T. R. HOULDSWORTH
AND LIEUT.-COLONEL J. O. MacANDREW



LIEUTENANT M. C. HAMILTON-CAMPBELL
AND MAJOR REGINALD HOULDSWORTH

Mr. George Cathcart-Walker-Heneage was host the other day at a covert shoot held at his home, Killochan Castle, Girvan, Ayrshire, in honour of a very famous Scottish Yeomanry Regiment. Mr. Cathcart-Walker-Heneage's family is a cadet branch of the family of Walker-Heneage of Compton Bassett, and his father succeeded in 1916 to the estates of his uncle, the late Sir Reginald Cathcart, sixth and last baronet. Mrs. Heneage was, before her marriage, Miss Jean Mann-Thomson, daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel William Mann-Thomson, of Scaford Hall, Leicestershire, and is a keen shot who has had plenty of practice lately owing to the shortage of male guns. Killochan Castle is one of the oldest inhabited houses in Scotland. Among the guests at the shoot were Colonel W. T. R. Houldsworth, brother and heir-presumptive to Sir Henry Houldsworth and Honorary Colonel of the regiment in whose honour the shoot was held, and his son, Major Reginald Houldsworth. Also present was Lieut.-Colonel J. O. MacAndrew, the regiment's present C.O. and a former M.P. for South Ayrshire



PHYLLIS ROBINS, WHO IS IN "SHEPHARD'S PIE,"
AT PRINCES THEATRE

The Shephard in question is Firth of that ilk, and his wartime revue started at the Princes Theatre on December 21. Excerpts are being broadcast to-night (27th). Phyllis Robins is very well known to radio audiences, for she has made over 300 broadcasts, and has toured the halls for three years. In *Shephard's Pie* she joins Sydney Howard, Arthur Riscoe, Vera Pearce and Richard Hearne, and also does her own act, songs at the piano

TWO gallant soldiers were returning to their billets after an evening binge. At the corner of the street one produced some battered-looking cigarettes and asked the other for a match.

After struggling about for some time they managed to get a match out of the box. As one groped on the ground to pick up those they had dropped, the other tried vainly to get a light.

"Shay, ol' man," he said at last, "thish match won't strike!"

"Whash the matter with it?"

"I dunno—it lit all right just now!"

"For Heaven's sake," wrote a Tommy to his wife, "don't send any more of those nagging letters while I'm at the Front. I want to fight this bloomin' war in peace."

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

Two tramps stood in front of the Metropolitan Opera House.

"Like opera?" asked the first.

"Do I like it?" said his companion. "Why, I'll have you know that I once sang with the finest opera company in Italy!"

"Yeah?" murmured his friend sceptically. "Then how come you're a hobo to-day?"

"I don't know," shrugged the other. "I guess somebody heard me sing!"

They hadn't been married very long, and this was the first chicken she had ever cooked.

Just as he was about to carve, he said, "What did you stuff it with, dear?"

"Oh," she replied airily, "it didn't need stuffing. It wasn't hollow."

A certain writer wonders why the modern young man seems to prefer buying a car to getting married. He probably realises that it is easier to back out of a garage.

The Negro preacher's term had expired and he was anxious to stay on. "Brethren," he said, "the time has come fo' you all to elect a pastah fo' anothah yeah. All dose favorin' me will please say aye."

He waited a moment and then he said: "Silence gives consent. I'se yo' pastah fo' anothah yeah."

And what's your husband doing now?" asked one lady, having met an old friend for a chat.

"Oh, just sitting around and telling everybody what Hitler will do next," replied the second lady.

"He's a bit of a prophet, is he?"

"Not as far as I am concerned. Believe me, he's a dead loss," replied the other bitterly.

Cohen had a little tailor's shop on the ground floor of an eighty-storey New York skyscraper. In the morning all was as usual, but at midnight the shop was plastered with notices: "Selling Off!" "Huge Bargains!" "Clearance Sale!"

"What is the idea of your clearing out so suddenly?" asked a friend.

"The sixty-second storey is on fire," replied Mr. Cohen.

The farmer and his daughter went to market with butter and eggs, and after selling out were returning home with the horse and trap and money when they were attacked by bandits. The farmer wept as he saw his horse and trap disappear.

"Don't cry," said the daughter, "they didn't get our money, anyway. I put it in my mouth."

"What a clever girl you are!" the farmer exclaimed. "Just like your mother. I wish she'd been here; we might have saved the horse and trap."



THE FIRST SURREALIST BALLET IN LONDON

The theatre, for those interested, is the Lyric, and the ballet tells the story of the miser who allows his lust for gold to conquer not only his waking life, but even his subconscious mind, and he also throws aside sex, culture and family. In the picture are The Subconscious Mind (Celia Franca, in the centre foreground), Venus (Lisa Brionda, second on left), and Midas the Miser (John Regan), with an eye in the centre of his chest or stomach!

"Giving the Bride Away"

AT THE
ST. MARTIN'S
THEATRE



MIKI HOOD (PETAL) AND ERIC NOELS (SAMPSON RISBY)



(LEFT)
GEORGINA COOKSON (DELIA),
NAUNTON WAYNE (WALTER),
BASIL RADFORD (GEORGE)



(RIGHT)
PAULINE WINTER (KATHIE),
RUTH MAITLAND
(MRS. PALFREY)

This new play by Margot Neville and Gerald Kirby, which has been doing lively black-out business at the St. Martin's Theatre for some weeks past, is a gay matrimonial farce well calculated to appeal to the wartime desire for light relief from outer darkness and unpleasantness. Centre of the evening's fun is that ever-witty actor, Naunton Wayne, who has returned to straight acting from some very successful compèring. He has the part of a young man who is matrimonially involved with a young lady of bucolic tendencies, whose main interest in life is a calf called Strawberry and who is at her happiest when on a farm in gum-boots, played with great brilliance by Pauline Winter. Basil Radford provides a foil to Naunton Wayne's slickness and adds a more stolid humour to the proceedings, while Ruth Maitland is suitably overbearing as a prospective mother-in-law

PETROL VAPOUR

By
W. G. McMINNIES

Lunatics at Large.

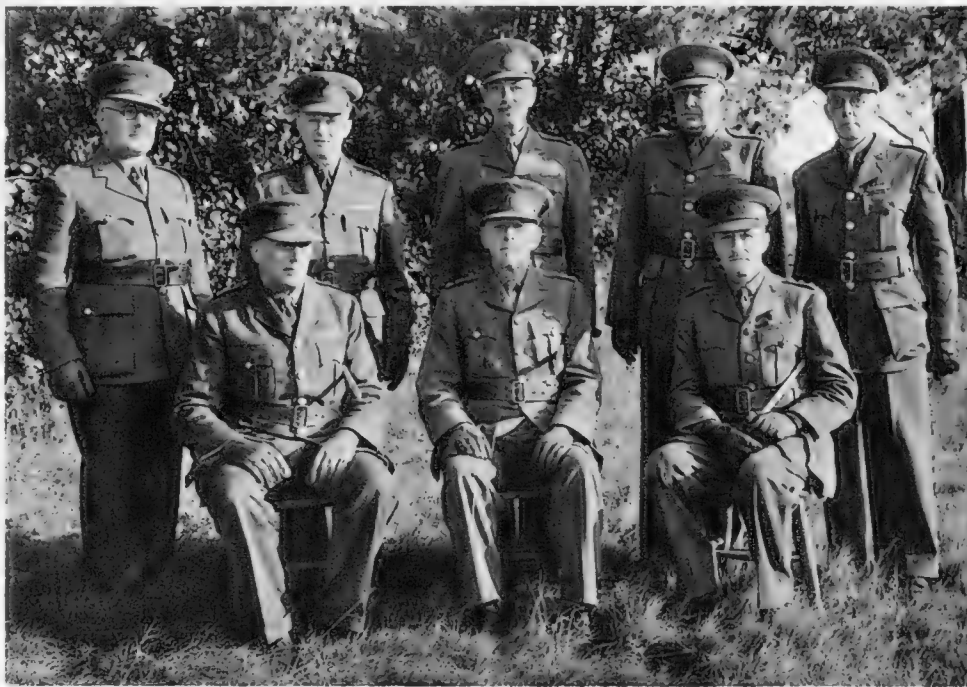
THE pedestrian who steered himself home in the dark by sticking to the white line in the middle of the road was as mad as those people who, at the beginning of the war, tested their respirators in the gas-oven. He was also walking to the common danger. It is now suggested that in cases where footpaths are not provided, walkers should use the offside instead of the nearside of the road so that they will face oncoming traffic. The plan is sensible enough to be recommended by the R.A.C. and Highway Code. But its usefulness largely depends on its universal adoption. If we motorists have to deal with some pedestrians who have not heard of this recommendation and stick to the nearside of the road while their better-informed friends use the offside, our plight and theirs will be worse than before. As it is, many motorists—myself among them—drive well out in the middle of the road so as to avoid mowing-down unlighted cyclists and walkers on the nearside. Incidentally, this plan saved me three crashes within thirty miles the other night. With the offside walker to be avoided as well, it will become more imperative than ever to stick to the middle of the road.

This lack of standardisation in walking follows the same sort of thing in car lighting. Some cars have the head-lamp mask on one side, some on the other. The side-light which supplements the head-lamp is often dim, flickering or extinct. The result is you never know exactly where the other car is, and the only safe thing to do is to give it the widest possible berth.

Lord Alness, who sponsored some time ago the most excellent report on road reform ever produced, told the story of the walker on the white line in a recent broadcast. He also gave the casualties on the road for the first three months of the war, quoting nearly 3000 deaths, or twice the peacetime rate, despite the immensely reduced number of cars on the road. If this sort of thing continued, he said, and the war lasted three years, we should lose 40,000 lives, or the equivalent of an Army corps.

It is not fair to blame all this on the motorist. On the average he is far more intent on his job than the casual cyclist or

pedestrian. He has more at stake, too, in the shape of himself, his passengers and his car. The walker or cyclist has only himself to consider. No; the truth is that there is much more careless walking and cycling than car-driving. And that's why I think the police, if they have time, should start a round-up of unlighted cyclists trying to make home at dusk and endangering not only themselves but everyone else on the road.



OFFICERS OF THE R.A.O.C. SALVAGE CORPS

A very important part of the multifarious activities of the Royal Army Ordnance Corps is the work done by the Salvage Corps, whose officers are pictured above

The names are: (l. to r.; back row) Lieut. R. Dismore, Lieut. A. C. Ellis, Lieut. G. H. Downing, Lieut. O. F. O'Carroll, Lieut. A. H. Bishop; (front row) Capt. H. Bull, M.C. (D.A.C.S.), Lieut.-Colonel E. C. Beaumont (Controller of Salvage) and Capt. A. Brown, O.B.E. (D.A.C.S.)

economy-running amuse me. Having only a vague idea as to their normal fuel consumption, they hear of a friend who has "gadgetted" his car and thinks he is getting better results. So off they go and gadget their car, too. And having done so, they have not the faintest idea as to whether

their consumption is any better or worse. One good lady I know spent 15s. on a gadget. When asked what the result was she confessed she had no idea—nor did she know how to measure the petrol consumption. I told her to provide herself with a petrol-tin and another receptacle into which she must pour a known quantity of petrol. To run the tank dry and replenish it with the known quantity, at the same time noting the mileage-reading. She must then run the car till the tank is again dry and again note the mileage-reading. Thus if she found she had covered eight miles on a quart, the consumption would be at the rate of 32 miles to the gallon.

What probably happens in some cases is that the agent merely contents himself with fitting the gadget the owner orders, for which work he charges a suitable sum. The efficient and conscientious fitter should, however, do more than this. He should test the device, and, if necessary, reset the carburettor to harmonise with its effect.



ICE-TENNIS

After ice-dancing and ice-hockey comes the newest sport of all, ice-tennis, which is being tried out by Wimbledon stars and promises to provide an entertaining and skilful winter diversion at many artificial ice-rinks. Above is Jean Nicoll, the brilliant young Wimbledon player, sampling the new sport in a game against Miss Eileen Edwards at that favourite spot Queen's Ice Rink, Bayswater

More About Petrol-Saving Gadgets.

Many people are buying gadgets that are claimed to effect economy in petrol consumption, and a lot of them are undoubtedly satisfied with the results. On the other hand, some are not, and for various reasons. In the first place, an economiser will probably not show a startling saving if the carburettor is already efficiently tuned. And in the second place, please remember that a device that is designed to economise fuel does not usually enable you to go faster. You can't have more speed for less petrol. Some of these experimenters in



LORD AND LADY FRANCIS HILL

(CENTRE, ABOVE) MISS ELSPETH JAMIESON
AND CAPTAIN A. LESLIE



MR. AND MRS. LE HUNTE ANDERSON

(IN CIRCLE) MRS. DONALD ROSS AND
MRS. JIM SHAW



EDINBURGH NIGHT LIFE

The camera blazed into the brown of things at the De Guise, Edinburgh's ultra-smart rallying point, when it got these pictures, and, as is the case south of the Tweed, most of the "casualties" were in uniform. Lord Francis Hill, Lord Downshire's brother, is back in his old regiment, Scotland's Household Cavalry, who were only saved from mechanisation by Lieut.-Colonel Gaisford St. Lawrence, a pillar of their fine polo side and their C.O. Mr. Le Hunte Anderson seen dining *à deux* with dark-haired and good-looking wife, is

also in that unit of the renowned Union Brigade. The Scottish regiments, as might only be anticipated, were in the majority, and Captain Leslie, seen with one of the many pretty girls Edinburgh boasts, is in the First Regiment of the Line—the censorship is so strict! Major J. D. Lammie, in another picture, is in one of the most famous of the Highland regiments, and Captain Willes Butters is in the Royal Signals in the Scottish Command. Mrs. Iain Mackenzie and husband are spending the duration with the Colin Campbells at their house near Galashiels. Mrs. Donald Ross, in picture with another attractive young Scotswoman, is the elder daughter of the late Lord Ninian Crichton-Stuart



MAJOR J. D. LAMMIE, D.A.Q.M.G.,
WITH MRS. W. D. GREEN



MRS. IAIN MACKENZIE
AND CAPTAIN WILLES BUTTERS



CAPTAIN MURRAY BELL
AND MISS ELIZABETH RALSTON

The Pit of Punishment

By

GARNETT RADCLIFFE

FEROZ KHAN stretched out his hand to point. "Look, Natta. Did I not tell you Allah was protecting us? There is the wire round the Balla Fort, and when we have reached that we are safe."

Natta rose and came to his side. She was a sixteen-year-old Pathan girl, tall and slender, with dark eyes and bobbed hair—bobbing having been fashionable among Pathans of both sexes centuries before it came to Europe. Properly dressed, she would have made a sensation in a London drawing-room. Her figure was like that of an athletic schoolboy, and her skin was the precise tint bathing beauties on the Riviera strive for and seldom acquire.

They were a fine-looking couple as they stood side by side. Feroz Khan was tall, lean and sinewy, with up-twisted black moustaches and the eyes and jaw of a fighter. The pure-blooded Pathan is one of the most handsome men in the world. An ancestry tracing back to Rajput kings and Arabian chieftains who had been the original rulers of the lands north of the Indus had endowed him with delicate features and hands and feet that were tiny by European standards.

There was nothing effeminate in his expression as he stood on that hill-top, his ever-ready rifle in one hand, and his other hand round Natta's shoulders. He had the bearing of a hunted stag who is prepared to fight to the death for his mate.

Natta took his hand in hers and pressed it against her cheek.

"What need have I of the protection of Allah, my King? Your strength, your courage, your cunning are the safeguards in which I trust. While I am with you I feel no fear."

"You are foolish, little one," Feroz Khan smiled. "All the same, I like to hear your words, for they give me trust in myself. And now we must proceed. It is yet some way to the wire and the trackers cannot be far behind."

He looked anxiously over his shoulder. Somewhere in that welter of dun-coloured hills there were men who followed as swiftly and relentlessly as a pack of wolves—the trackers sent from Zat by the Great Haji Mir Afzuz Haq to capture the runaway couple. For when Feroz Khan had stolen this girl he had committed an offence punishable by death.

It would be no ordinary death, either. If they caught him they would make him walk along the Jackal's Tongue and jump into the bottomless Pit of Punishment. And then he'd fall a million miles into the fires of Jehannum. . . .

Feroz Khan, who was afraid of nothing, dreaded that pit. He bent and lifted Natta into his arms despite her protests.

"We will go quicker like this. You are tired and your feet are cut to the bone. Besides, to carry you is a great delight."

She nestled against his shoulder.

"And when we reach the wire—what then?"

"The soldiers of the Raj will let us pass. They don't make war on women. I myself mean to be a soldier of the Raj."

"They will create you a general-sahib and set you in command of their armies," said Natta, whose knowledge of military matters was vague.



*She glanced up at the hill and saw the running figures.
She cried out and flung her arms about her lover*

"Foolish little one!" laughed Feroz Khan. "I don't loom so large in everyone's eyes as I do in yours. If they let me enlist as a sepoy or even a follower I will be well content."

He strode on, walking surefooted down the shale-strewn side of a ravine, where a white man would have crept on hands and knees. As he went he was as alert as a wild animal for sounds of pursuit. He was far from feeling the confidence he pretended to Natta. In his heart he knew it was a miracle they had escaped thus far.

For three days and three nights they had been toiling across the ghastly country that lay between Zat and Balla. Natta was still in the silken wedding attire in which she should have gone to the house of Dil Makmud, who had agreed to take her from her father in settlement of a debt.

Feroz Khan's lips curled from his white teeth when he thought of Dil Makmud. He would be known now as Dil Makmud the Noseless One. In the scuffle round the wedding litter he had seen the moneylender's face and had slashed it with his Khyber knife. His hand tingled at the recollection. He had been amok, caught by the screaming blood-rage of a Pathan who has been wronged. For Natta was his. He loved her, and the thought that she had been sold to another man had sent him crazed with fury.

When a Pathan runs amok he is as reckless as a wounded tiger. Single-handed, Feroz Khan had attacked the wedding procession wending its way from the house of Natta's father to the house of Dil Makmud. Now his nostrils expanded at the memory of the fight. The yelling, the flickering knives, the falling figures, the screams of the women. He had gone through Dil Makmud's friends and relatives like a flame. Torn apart the curtains of the litter, snatched Natta in his arms. . . .

Somehow in the confusion they had got away. Dawn had found them many *koss* from Zat, making their way across the wilderness of dun-coloured hills in the direction of Balla. They went fast, for Feroz Khan knew the relentless pursuit that would follow.

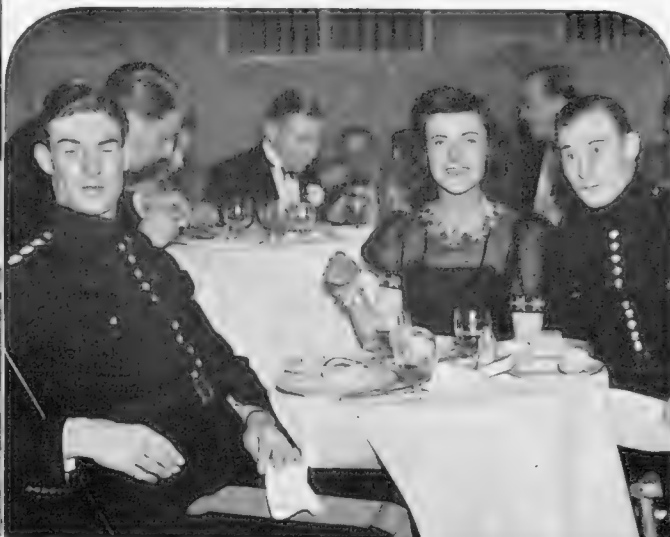
He had broken one of the greatest of the tribal laws. To take a girl against her father's wishes ranked as theft, and theft was a worse offence than killing in that primitive community. If they captured him alive they would take

(Continued on page 446)

A PAY PARTY AT THE FLORIDA IN AID OF A HOSPITAL UNIT



MR. CEDRIC ALEXANDER AND
MRS. REYNOLDS ALBERTINI



CAPTAIN PETER VAUGHAN, MISS RENÉE BULL
AND MR. C. F. CRAWSHAY



MISS MARY ROSE CHARTERIS
AND MR. CHARLES HARDING



LORD VAUGHAN TAKING THE FLOOR
WITH MISS BARBARA DUNN



MR. ARTHUR GRENFELL
AND THE ATTRACTIVE LEA SEIDL



MISS NANCY HARMOOD-BANNER
AND CAPTAIN A. A. DUNCAN



MRS. JOHN BENN, MR. DENIS BRADLEY
AND MISS VIVIEN DAUNTESY

This party was to enable the women of England to make a gift to the women of France and was in aid of the Section of the Mechanical Transport Training Corps which is off to France for service in the field with the Mobile Hospital Unit. Twelve cars have already been given, but funds are needed to equip them. In the pictures on this page are some of the committee which did good work in the cause, notably Mrs. Reynolds Albertini, wife of the well-known American and a sister of Reginald Denny, the movie star, Miss Nancy Harwood-Banner, daughter of Sir Harwood Harwood-Banner—she has been singing for several wartime good causes under the name of "April May"—and Mrs. Gordon Halsey who is in the group with Captain Negretti who is a cadet of the family who are partners with Zambra. Mrs. John Benn who is in the opposite group may be better remembered as Gweneth Bullen, the star skater. As will be noticed by those who know all about the buttons on Guardsmen's tunics, one unit of the Brigade was in strong force. Lord Vaughan is in that particular regiment and so is his father, Lord Lisburne. Captain Duncan and Captain Peter Vaughan and Mr. Crawshaw are also officers of the same unit



MISS PEGGY DUNCAN, CAPTAIN
NOEL NEGRETTI AND MRS. GORDON HALSEY

The Pit of Punishment

(Continued from page 440)

him to the Valley of the Jackal's Skull and make him walk along the path of rock polished by the feet of countless criminals, that they called the Jackal's Tongue. At the end of that path in the shadow of a curving cliff there was the dread Pit of Punishment.

It was a yawning hole in the ground caused, although Feroz Khan was unaware of the fact, by some huge meteor that had pierced the earth's crust to an unknown depth. When a stone was flung down, no sound could be heard of its striking bottom. Only great bats came circling up out of the darkness as if they were the souls of the malefactors who had hurled themselves down.

Distances were deceptive in that shimmering heat. Also, the nature of the country was such that to walk direct to the wire he could occasionally glimpse at the farther end of the valley was impossible.

Feroz Khan was too proud to let Natta see how nearly his strength was exhausted. He pressed on doggedly with occasional anxious glances to the rear and at the hills on either side. It was nearly midday now and the heat was tremendous. But with the certain knowledge that the trackers must be very close he dared not rest.

A rifle was slung across his shoulders, and two bandoliers of ammunition. The rifle, which had been stolen by his father from a regiment of British cavalry at Parachinar, was of old-fashioned design, but was well oiled and still serviceable. The rest of his equipment comprised the long Khyber knife stuck in his girdle and an almost empty water bag.

Coming round a spur of rock, he saw with thankfulness that the wire was a bare five hundred yards ahead. But the *maidan* between was rough like the bed of a dried-up sea with boulders and loose shale, and to hurry was impossible. Natta spoke in his ear.

"Put me down. I am rested and can walk now."

Feroz Khan paused and looked round. Suddenly he stiffened. On the hillside to his left something had moved. He narrowed his eyes against the glare and stared. Yes, it was a man he had seen. There was another and another. Beyond question, the trackers from Zat coming swiftly and silently to cut them off.

Natta had seen nothing. He set her on her feet.

"Make for the wire as quickly as you can," he said. "I will follow at my leisure."

She glanced up at the hill and saw the running figures. She cried out and flung her arms about her lover.

"I will stay here. We can die together."

"Neither of us are going to die," Feroz Khan said stoutly. "I can hold back these dogs with my rifle until you have reached the wire, then I will follow at my leisure. Go! This is no time for argument."

Obedience is instinct in a Pathan woman. As she began to run, several shots rang out. Feroz Khan had dropped behind a boulder. His hawk-like eyes raked the hill for his enemies.

There were none to be seen now, but he knew they were still approaching. Creeping among the boulders like snakes in long grass. After the few scattered shots they had stopped firing at Natta. She was only a woman, a creature with no soul and hardly worth a bullet. He was the prey they sought.

Natta had gone with surprising speed. She had almost reached the wire, and now on the farther side Feroz Khan could see the figures of Gurkha riflemen. There was a taller man, an officer-sahib, among them. Feroz Khan heard their voices shouting encouragement to the running girl.

He drew a breath of relief. Natta at least was safe from what had threatened her, the fate of having her nose and ears cut off and being cast into slavery, that being the punishment in Zat for female offenders against the moral code.

Then a figure showed itself incautiously above a boulder. His rifle cracked. He saw a pair of arms tossed in the air and knew his bullet had sped true.

He grinned. That shot had given the lie to the legend that the Great Haji Mir Afzuz Haq, to whom all sorts of magical powers were attributed by the superstition-ridden tribesmen of Zat, could deflect a bullet in its course by his prayers. Nor apparently was the other legend—that a bullet blessed by the Haji could not fail to reach its mark—any more correct. Of the shots fired by the trackers, not one had come within three feet of where he lay.

But all the time his enemies were drawing stealthily nearer. He wriggled backwards from the friendly boulder until he had reached a tiny gully. Pressed flat against the hot stones, hitching himself along with outspread elbows and knees, he began to crawl, not in the direction of the wire but towards where he knew the trackers were.

With the cunning of a hunted animal, he had realized that this was his only hope. They were expecting him to break cover in the direction of the wire. He must somehow get through their scattered line to the hill on the left of the valley and then make a right-handed cast that would bring him to safety.

He was an adept in the art of crawling and was favoured by the nature of the ground. Had the hunters been white men, he would have

disappeared, leaving them to wonder if the ground had swallowed him. But the trackers were Pathans, like himself. Hillmen with eyes like hawks and ears like cats, who could move as silently as drifting shadows.

It was a bright-coloured lizard that betrayed him. No white man would have spotted the red flash as it darted into a crevice, let alone have understood its purport, but the sign was not missed by the nearest tracker. He uttered a bird-like cry as a signal to the others to close about the spot.

Feroz Khan heard the call and knew the game was up. Nothing for it now except to die as hard as a cornered wolf.

He hitched forward his rifle and loosened his knife. Now he could hear the rustle of unseen bodies. They were closing in from all sides, worming their way from rock to rock with their knives ready.

He knew that they would take him alive if they could. Tradition demanded he should die the worst death—the jump down the Pit of Punishment into the fires of *Jehannum*. A knife-thrust or a bullet would be too merciful an ending.

Feroz Khan shivered at the thought of the Pit of Punishment. Now he glimpsed a snake-like form. *Bang! Bang!* Two more bullets that had not been deviated by the curses of the Great Haji had sped home.

It was as if a spell had been broken by the shots. The rocks suddenly vomited running, leaping figures. Feroz Khan fired as fast as a man can blink, then dropped the empty rifle and sprang to his feet, knife flashing in the sunlight.

From the distant wire, Natta saw a wild scuffle of grey-robed forms. She cried out and would have run to her lover's aid had not the Gurkhas held her by force. There was an English officer with them who swore as he watched through his binoculars.

"Plucky devil! He's like quicksilver with that knife of his. Ah, they've pinned him now!"

The Pathan girl flung herself at his feet. She pointed across the *maidan* to where an ant-like procession, in the centre of which was a struggling form, was now heading for the hills and besought him to order his Gurkhas to fire.

The Englishman shook his head regretfully.

"Can't fire into independent territory without a good excuse. Very sorry, but the law's the law. . . . What is she saying, Jemadar Sahib?"

The Gurkha Jemadar translated the frantic stream of Pushtu.

"She wants you to shoot and kill the man they have captured. To save him from having to jump into what she calls the Pit of Punishment. But that is impossible, for they are already out of range."

Even to an educated Unbeliever whose mind is unfettered by silly superstitions about *djinn*s and evil spirits, the Valley of the Jackal's Skull, which is situated in a cleft in the hills close to Zat, is an awesome spot.

It has been well named. On either side of the long, narrow ravine rocks stick up like rows of decayed fangs. At the farther end there is an overhanging cliff that might be likened to the jackal's palate, and in the shadow beneath this cliff is the dreaded Pit of Punishment, which the Zat hillmen sometimes call the Jackal's Throat.

To reach the pit you walk along the Jackal's Tongue, a fifty-yard-long path that has been worn in the rock by the feet of your predecessors walking to their deaths. And when you come to the end of the path you step off the rock and fall—according to Pathan belief—straight into Hell.

No Pathan unless he were a criminal or a Great Haji ever walked voluntarily along that path. The criminals went because they knew that a refusal would only result in tortures which would make even a jump into Hell seem desirable, and a Great Haji could go because his holiness protected him from all evil.

Indeed, the Great Haji Mir Afzuz Haq was so very holy that he could and often did walk on the air above the mouth of the pit. Since, however, there was nobody in Zat worthy to behold such a miracle he always did it when he was unobserved.

It was the Great Haji Mir Afzuz Haq who interrogated Feroz Khan when the trackers had brought him back to Zat. Feroz Khan made no attempt to deny his guilt. He said boldly that he had loved Natta all his life and rather than that she should go to the house of Dil Makmud he would jump a thousand times into the Pit of Punishment.

From the younger men present at the *darbar* there was something like a murmur of applause when he cried these words. By the Beard of the Prophet, this Feroz Khan was a man. And that was more than could be said for Dil Makmud, who was as much loved in Zat as prosperous moneylenders commonly are.

But the Great Haji was a friend of Dil Makmud's, and his word was law in Zat. Gaunt and fierce as an ancient eagle, with an ash-smeared face and three golden stars plastered to his forehead, he reviled Feroz Khan before the assembly.

A stealer of women! A friend of Unbelieving Dogs! A cutter-off of the noses of honest men, and an evildoer who was not fit to live!

Feroz Khan listened unmoved to the tirade. His thoughts were with

(Continued on page vi)

AT THE INTERNATIONAL

RUGGER DINNER



P. O. MCKENZIE AND A. OBOLENSKY
(ENGLAND AND WALES)



CAPTAIN H. J. SAYERS, M. J. DALY
(SCOTLAND AND IRELAND), D. T.
KEMP (ENGLAND AND WALES), AND
C. R. HOPWOOD



H. C. C. LAIRD (FORMER INTERNATIONAL)
AND J. G. W. DAVIES



J. ELLIS, G. B. HORSBURGH AND C. DAVEY
—ALL PLAYING IN THE MATCH



R. W. SAMPSON, G. B. HORS-
BURGH AND P. L. DUFF, WHO
ALL PLAYED FOR SCOTLAND
AND IRELAND IN THE MATCH
IN AID OF THE RED CROSS



R. E. PRESCOTT, D. E. TEDEN, LIEUTENANT
J. K. WATKINS AND GUNNER W. E. N. DAVIES



G. B. HORSBURGH, W. H. TRAVERS, P. L. DUFF
AND SOME STEAK AND KIDNEY PUDDING



LIEUTENANT J. A. TALLENT
AND C. R. HOPWOOD

ENGLAND AND WALES BEAT
SCOTLAND AND IRELAND AT
RICHMOND

This match, which was followed by the cheery dinner at the Mayfair at which these pictures were taken, was in aid of the Lord Mayor's Fund for the Red Cross and was a four-handed international onset, England and Wales v. Scotland and Ireland. The former won very comfortably by seventeen points to three. The winners were skippered by G. A. Walker (Squadron Leader), Blackheath and England and captain of that 1939 R.A.F. which gave the Army such a hiding and then narrowly lost to the Navy. Scotland and Ireland were led by H. J. Sayers (Captain), who first played for Ireland in 1935 and has done so ten times since. He was captain of last year's Army XV and he has played for the soldiers for eight consecutive seasons. Corporal G. B. Horsburgh is the London Scottish captain and led the Scotland-Ireland forwards. They said that W. H. Travers shouted out "Orderly Officer!" at the wrong moment when the *plat du jour*, steak and kidney pudding, came round! P. L. Duff and G. B. Horsburgh promptly investigated the complaint to the detriment of Travers's helping

GROUPS FROM THREE GREAT SCOTTISH REGIMENTS



THE Nth BATTALION THE GORDON HIGHLANDERS

The Gay Gordons, who were among the vanguard of the B.E.F. to see action in France in 1914, have a record for valour second to none even among the fighting Highlanders who have brought so much glory to their country, and all concerned are determined to keep up that fine tradition

In this group of officers are: (1. to r., back row) Captain W. H. Lawrie, 2nd Lieuts. J. G. Barnett, N. Duncan, A. C. G. Adam, Lieut. G. L. Farquhar, 2nd Lieuts. C. B. Hughes, A. S. Raeburn, A. D. Ritchie, J. Sinclair; (centre row) 2nd Lieuts. G. C. Cruickshank, M. S. Langham, G. A. Geddes, G. L. Beaton, H. M. Gall, G. F. Raeburn, J. Shankley, C. Symon, Lieut. G. I. Davidson; (front row) Captain W. F. Grieve, Captain W. Diack, Major D. G. I. A. Gordon, Major R. N. Christie, Lieut.-Colonel A. D. Buchanan-Smith, O.B.E., T.D., Major G. W. Bruce, Captain W. H. Craig, Captain H. Mitchell-Usher (Adjt.) Captain N. Keith

Nth ARMoured CAR COMPANY, R.T.C. (FIFE AND FORFAR YEOMANRY)

The Fife and Forfar Yeomanry is another of the many units which changing times have forced to convert themselves into a part of that famous outfit Spanner's Horse

Names: (1. to r., back row) 2nd Lieuts. T. H. Miller, H. J. Ballingall, J. N. Kirsop, H. C. Walker, P. H. Foster, W. D. Logan, I. M. O. Hutchison, T. I. Jeffery, A. G. Brown; (middle row) Lieuts. A. J. Burgess (R.A.O.C.), J. E. Prain, A. F. Marshall, Captain W. I. O. Williamson, Captain N. McLeod (R.A.M.C.), Lieuts. B. H. Thomson, W. C. G. Peterkin, A. M. Hart, Lieut. and Q.M. A. Stephens; (front row) Major A. O. Hutchison, Major J. A. H. Marshall, Major J. M. Prain, Lieut.-Colonel R. G. Sharp (C.O.), Captain O. M. Bullivant (3rd Hussars; Adjt.), Major W. G. N. Walker, Captain H. H. Turcan



THE Nth BATTALION
THE BLACK WATCH

The names are: (1. to r., back row) 2nd Lieuts. D. R. Elder, D. M. Kermack, G. J. Robbie, G. A. Davidson, A. E. Larg, F. W. How, Lieut. R. R. Steven, 2nd Lieuts. A. T. Garrett, T. H. Bonar, R. S. M. Kinsey, C. Millar, J. C. Becke; (middle row) Lieuts. O. F. Tucker, B. C. Walker, G. H. Pilcher, Captain J. S. M. Bingham (Staff Captain), 2nd Lieut. A. G. Hendry, Captain J. A. Blair, Captain R. W. D. Skene (Brigade Intelligence Officer), Captain F. W. Shepherd, Lieut. A. J. Wavell, Lieut. and Q.M. A. J. Glazier, Captain Rev. E. R. Marr; (front row) Captain W. K. M. Guild, Major W. L. Kinnear (R.A.M.C.), Major T. P. D. Murray, M.B.E. (Second in Command), Brigadier G. B. Rowan Hamilton, D.S.O., M.C., Lieut.-Colonel R. C. Macpherson (C.O.), Major D. N. Nichol (Adjt.), Major G. E. B. Honeyman (Brigade Major), Major C. N. Thomson, Captain R. S. Walker

Photos: Stuart

Our picture of the officers of this very distinguished Highland regiment was taken on the occasion of the visit of the brigade commander, Brigadier G. B. Rowan Hamilton, D.S.O., M.C., who commanded the 2nd Battalion the Black Watch from 1930 to 1933. The list of battle honours of "The Watch" dates back to Guadeloupe. They were in practically every scrap in the last war

FRANCE

Land of Liberty

offers connoisseurs the indispensable foundation of all better cocktails. Everybody appreciates the subtle and aromatic taste of Vermouth

FRENCH VERMOUTHS

will particularly please you and your guests

Strong, generous wines, ripened in those sun-blessed countries where aromatic plants endow them with all their kind virtues, help to make French Vermouth a

Product of
QUALITY

"I've christened them Hitler hands!"

She held out her shapely hands for my inspection, quoting mockingly "*Pale hands I loved beside the Shalimar!*"

I saw those once lovely hands so rough, so red, so worn, so tired, so old-looking and in the same flippant vein replied—"Those soft white hands of not so long ago, no longer '*Like lotus buds that float . . . where are they now?*' What is the cause—nursing, gardening, evacuees, A.T.S. W.A.A.F., W.R.N.S., G.O.K., X.Y.Z.?"

"A little bit of nearly all of them I think," she answered.

Why, I wonder, do some women let their hands go? It is so easy to keep them soft, white, cool and immaculate, "*Pale hands, pink tipped*" even when you are doing the roughest war work.

The secret is a little Dubarry's Crème Shalimar rubbed over the hands at bedtime, you will be amazed next morning at the magical improvement.

Use Crème Shalimar every night all the year round, but especially when winter comes; it has no equal for chapped and roughened hands.

Crème Shalimar is sold by Chemists everywhere in Tubes at sixpence and one and threepence.



For
Cool
Sweet
Fragrant
Comfort

There is something essentially feminine and attractive about a woman who is always fresh and fragrant as a flower. After golf, riding, or any outdoor exercise, Dubarry Talcum is cooling and unbelievably refreshing.

Used when dressing for the Theatre, Dance, or Dinner, Dubarry Talcum is the finishing touch for soignée perfection. Available in many famous Dubarry Perfumes including "Romance," "Heart's Delight," etc.

DUBARRY'S
Talcum Powder

Obtainable everywhere. Price Two Shillings per large flask



Catherine Bell
MRS. DOUGLAS STREET

Who was married last week at St. Margaret's, Westminster, to Lieutenant Douglas Street, The Middlesex Regiment (D.C.O.). She was formerly Miss Catherine MacLeod-Smith, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. A. MacLeod-Smith of Wimbledon, S.W.19

eldest son of Brigadier-General Ronald Cheape, C.M.G., D.S.O., M.C., and Mrs. Cheape, of Tiroan, Isle of Mull, and Miss June Richards, only daughter of Major and Mrs. Richards.

The wedding will also take place on January 4, at St. Michael's Church, Betchworth, Surrey, between Mr. Peter L. Stileman, The Queen's Royal Regiment, and Miss Rhoda Garrick.

Marrying Abroad.

The wedding will take place shortly in India between Mr. Edward John Horne Teviotdale, formerly of Bangkok, Siam, only son of the late Rev. E. J. S. Teviotdale, of Stanningfield, Suffolk, and Mrs. Teviotdale, and Miss Adele Stewart, only daughter of Sir Douglas Stewart, Bart., and Lady Stewart, of India.

The wedding will take place early next year



Catherine Bell
MISS MARGARET STAMMERS

Whose engagement was announced recently to the Hon. Paul Bradbury, younger son of Lord and Lady Bradbury, of Wingham, Claygate, Surrey. She is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Stammers, of Blackthorn, Oakwood Avenue, Purley

Weddings and Engagements

Today's Wedding.

The wedding will take place today at Ewhurst Parish Church between Captain H. D. Street and Miss Heather Lauder.

Saturday's Wedding.

The wedding will take place on Saturday at Salisbury Cathedral between Mr. John Peter Du Croz and Miss Cicely Joan Whytehead.

January Weddings.

The wedding will take place on January 2, at Holy Trinity Church, Walton, Aylesbury, between Mr. John Gordon Halliday and Miss Loveday Furneaux. On January 4, the marriage will take place in Shanghai between Mr. George Richard Cheape,



Pearl Freeman
MISS JOAN DAGNALL

Whose engagement was announced recently to Mr. F. J. Bradshaw, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Hulatt Bradshaw, of The Avenue, Beckenham, Kent. Mr. Bradshaw (F. J.) is an Attaché at the British Embassy, Cairo. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Dagnall



Pearl Freeman
MISS PEGGY HOPWOOD

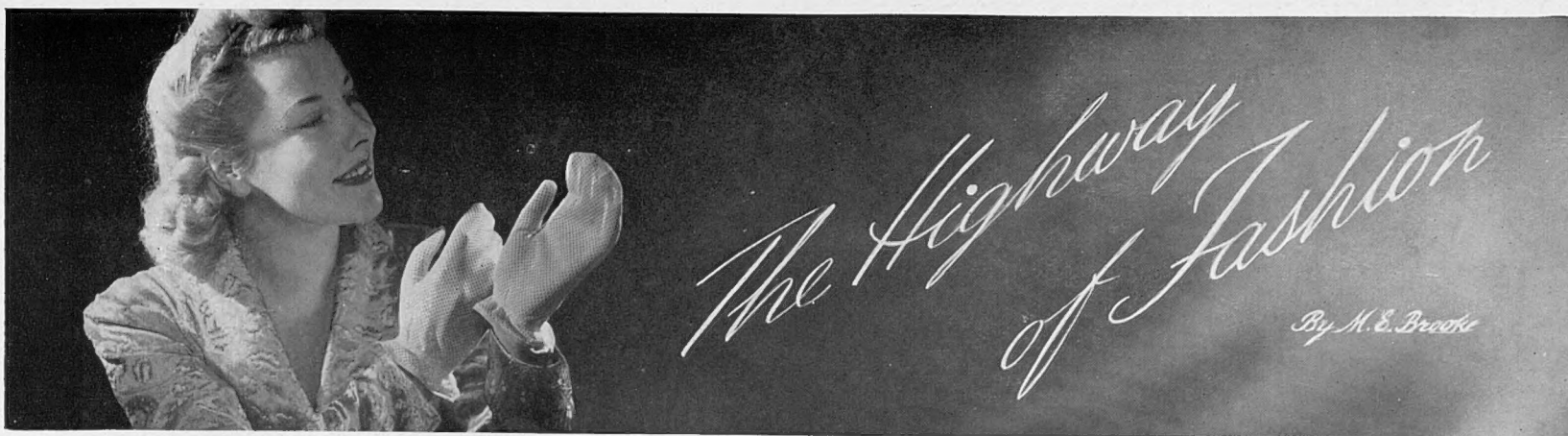
Whose engagement was announced recently to Lieutenant Charles P. C. Noble, R.N.V.R., son of Admiral Sir Percy Noble, K.C.B., Commander in Chief of the China Station, and Lady Noble, of Admiralty House, Hong Kong, and 36 Sloane Court, S.W.3. She is the younger daughter of Admiral Ronald Hopwood, C.B., and Mrs. Hopwood

Major Henry Keswick and Mrs. Keswick, of Cowhill Tower, Dumfries, and Miss Clare Elwes, younger daughter of the late Mr. Gervase Elwes, of Billing Hall, Northants, and Roxby, Lincs., and Lady Winefride Elwes; Second Lieutenant the Hon. David Ormsby-Gore, eldest son of Lord and Lady Harlech, and Miss Sylvia Lloyd Thomas, second daughter of the late Hugh Lloyd Thomas and the Hon. Mrs. Lloyd Thomas, of Compton Beauchamp, Shrivenham, Berks; Mr. Douglas Bruce-Gardner, elder son of Sir Charles and Lady Bruce-Gardner, of Baron's Court, The Bishop's Avenue, N.2., and Miss Monica Flumerfelt Jefferson, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Jefferson, of High Bank, Didsbury; Lieutenant-Commander M. F. B. Ward, R.N., and Miss P. M. Sayers, daughter of Major and Mrs. Sayers.



Harlip
MISS OLWEN HEYWOOD JONES

Whose engagement was announced recently to Captain Anthony Abel Smith, younger son of Colonel Bertram Abel Smith, D.S.O., M.C., T.D., A.D.C., and the late Hon. Mrs. Abel Smith, 45 Montague Square, W.1. She is the only daughter of the late Major and Mrs. L. H. Jones



EVERY woman will welcome the news that the price of "Glovlies," medicated night gloves, has been reduced to 2s. 11d.; they were 5s. a pair. This has been made possible by the increased production resulting from previous orders. Thousands of women are today doing work to which they are unaccustomed, which has a far from beneficial effect on the hands. They are made of a fabric treated with a special lotion which nourishes the pores



ALWAYS welcome is a pair or more of the new Bear Brand true fashioned hose. They are knitted by an entirely new process, the fashion marks converge towards the seam, thereby slenderizing the ankles. The stocking is shaped from the top of the calf to the heel, which gives a snug, smooth fit to the leg. Again, the threads follow the contour of the leg, thus increasing the elasticity and strength. Bear Brand stockings are sold practically everywhere

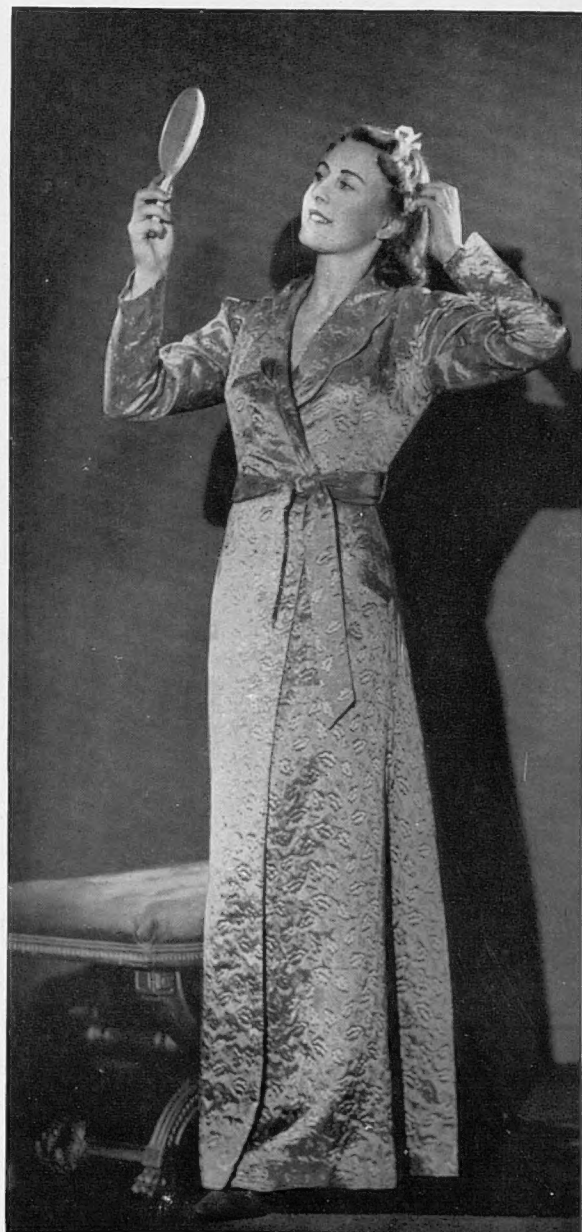


THERE are a host of possibilities to explain in the domain of New Year and Twelfth Night gifts at Lewin's, 39 Panton Street, some of which are portrayed above. There are khaki silk pouches with regimental badges, pigskin pouches, regimental links and bar brooches, pewter tankards, squadron shields and initial playing cards, all particularly welcome

AS there are many who are unable to come to town to shop, Lilla, 7 Lower Grosvenor Place, Buckingham Palace Road, have prepared two catalogues, one devoted to simple fashions for maternity wear, the other to smocks and accessories. They will be sent gratis and post free. In the latter there are full-length smocks, hand-smocked but innocent of sleeves for 15s. 11d. The model portrayed is naturally more expensive, as it is carried out in blue mousse, a very fashionable fabric



THE simple affair below is not an evening coat but a dressing gown, which Liberty's, Regent Street, have designed in a lovely shade of peach broché. It is woven to give a quilted effect, and although it is lined throughout with pure silk, the cost is only seven guineas. It is available in other colours, patterns of which would be sent on application. In the children's department the raiment is altogether charming. There are hand-knitted Shetland cardigans from 15s. 6d., and Liberty velveteen dresses from 49s.; they would be gladly sent on approval



The Evil Effects of Not-Smoking

(Continued from page 432)

for which non-smokers must pay high, and then climbing up the most insulting-looking mountains for no good reason whatever—apart, of course, from their pride in finding that they have still kept that “wind” of theirs.

Let us pass briefly over yet another possible danger that may come of not-smoking to excess—the possibility of becoming a dictator. Does the mother of a pleasant young man wish to find that she has landed the world with a Mr. Hitler? Did old Mother Hitler herself, as she fondly warned the infant Adolf against the evils of smoking, know what a hell of a mess she was letting us in for? I'll bet the poor woman is sorry now. For shall any one say that this great, unfortunate and demented man might not have been an almost normal sort of chap, had he but got rid of his “wind” and “stamina” in early youth, and had he not been condemned to solitary confinement for life by his inability to smoke or to drink with a friend?

On the other hand, the smoker should not exaggerate. As he ages, he should exercise moderation. For some years now I have rationed myself severely to forty cigarettes a day, and I try never to exceed this limit. One benefit of this self-discipline is that I now thoroughly enjoy each cigarette, since it may be quite several minutes before I shall be able to light another.

ROUNABOUT NOTES

“Kelly's Handbook to the Titled, Landed and Official Classes for 1940” has just been published. The greater part of this book of over 2,000 pages is occupied by 30,000 biographies, arranged in alphabetical order. The persons who qualify for inclusion are roughly those indicated by the title, including all those who have titles or orders; Members of Parliament; the very senior members of the Government services; notable people in the counties; besides certain outstanding figures in the worlds of literature, drama, the arts and commerce. Biographies are also given for all living members of the royal families; there are lists of the members of the different ranks of the peerage, with dates of creation, and the titles borne by their eldest sons; two lists of Members of Parliament, and a list of the War Cabinet and the Ministry, in which all the recent changes have been recorded. The price of the handbook is 42s., and it is published by Kelly's Directories Ltd., 186 Strand, W.C.2.

In these stirring times when every man is an expert on current affairs and casual conversations are more likely to turn on racialism than on racing, on the Dobrudja than on dogs, “Whitaker's Almanack,” of which the 1940 edition has just been published at the usual prices of 3s. 6d. (abridged), 7s. (complete) and 12s. 6d. (library), becomes more than ever an essential adjunct to any household whose members wish to keep abreast of the world. In particular, the section devoted to events of 1938-39 (which is complete to the end of October) contains an admirable factual chronology of the events leading up to the outbreak of war and of the early stages of the struggle. Other sections are even more up to the moment; the new Finnish Government is listed and Russia's attack recorded. Details and personnel of the new British Ministries are given, and in all other respects the 1940 Whitaker is the same compendium of assorted information as ever.

Gloves made for the army by voluntary helpers in response to the recent appeal by Lord Woolton, Director-General of Equipment and Stores, Ministry of Supply, may now be sent to the Chief Ordnance Officer, Central Ordnance Depot, Branston, Burton-on-Trent.

Arrangements for receiving gloves at the Central Ordnance Depot have been made to supplement and not to replace existing facilities for collection through women's institutes and other voluntary organizations, which should be used wherever possible.

Knitted finger gloves, khaki if possible, 10½ in. to 11¼ in. from tip to wrist and 3¼ in. to 4 in. across the palm are required. Most in demand are gloves 10½ in. in length with a 4-in. palm. Measurements should be taken on a flat surface without stretching.

“Kelly's Royal Blue Book, Court and Parliamentary Guide for 1940” has just been published, price 10s. 6d. As is well known, this book, which has been issued for over one hundred years, gives the names, addresses and telephone numbers of the occupiers of the better-class private houses in the western districts of London. The names and addresses are arranged: 1, according to streets; 2, in one alphabetical list of names, with addresses and telephone numbers. The book contains a classified trades section, especially useful to the West End shopper, and a full Parliamentary directory.

Much useful information is also given with regard to the royal households; the Government offices and the principal clubs; while a list of golf clubs within easy reach of London with the name of the secretary, the nearest railway station, telephone number, fees, etc., and a theatre supplement containing seating plans, are other popular features.

The Pit of Punishment

(Continued from page 446)

Natta. Sad thoughts, for he felt he had failed her. She had spoken of his strength, his courage, his cunning. . . .

They had failed to serve him. He had been captured within sight of safety and dragged back to Zat to die the death he dreaded. Now the Great Haji was pronouncing the sentence:

“As you have broken the law of the Koran in taking this woman by force from her rightful owners, you must jump into the Pit of Punishment according to the custom.”

Feroz Khan shrugged his shoulders. That was what he had expected and dreaded. There was no possibility of escape. All that remained was to walk the Jackal's Tongue as befitted a brave man until he stepped off the rock into that bottomless darkness. . . .

Pathans are a philosophical race. Feroz Khan, knowing he was destined to fall into Hell the following day, wasted no time in saying prayers that night. Instead, he slept peacefully in the prison *thana* and dreamt about Natta.

He was still thinking about Natta next morning when he was taken to the Valley of the Jackal's Skull. Natta, who had thought him so wonderful. The memory of her faith gave him courage, almost hope. He remembered he was Feroz Khan, whose nickname was the Fox. Given half a chance, the Fox would cheat his enemies yet. . . .

His keen eyes swept round the ravine. Its sides were lined with the men who had come to see him die. Before him, leading straight to the pit in the shadow of the overhanging cliff which ended the ravine, was the path called the Jackal's Tongue, shining like wet marble in the sunlight.

Beside the path stood the forbidding figure of the Great Haji Mir Afzuz Haq beckoning him to commence the walk to death.

Feroz Khan hesitated. If there were a chance of escape he meant to seize it. He wanted desperately to live. He was young and strong, and love was clamouring in his veins. How could he leave this sunlit, beautiful world where Natta was and jump into the chill darkness of the pit?

Again the Great Haji called. One of the guards prodded Feroz Khan with his knife. The prisoner smiled and began to walk. He walked slowly without showing any sign of fear.

Fifty paces would bring him to the pit. He tried not to count them and kept his eyes raised so that he need not see the shadowed horror

he was approaching. He was thinking of Natta. Little Natta, who had trusted so greatly in his strength, his courage and his cunning. . . .

Now he had passed into the shadow under the overhanging cliff. He was very near the end of that grim walk. The hillmen clustered on the rocks watched in tense silence. Three more paces and he would fall . . . two more . . . one more. . . .

Irresistibly, Feroz Khan's eyes had been drawn downwards. He saw the hideous abyss into which he was about to fall. From behind, the Haji cried something in his harsh voice. And then a shout of wonder went up from the watchers.

Feroz Khan had fallen! On his knees at the very brink of the pit. They saw him stretch his hands downwards into the pit, and then his great cry of amazement and awe brought every man to his feet.

“A miracle! The pit is filled with water!”

For a moment, no one moved. The Great Haji hurried forward and knelt at Feroz Khan's side. His eyes, dim with age, peered downwards. . . .

He could see only darkness. Before he could speak, Feroz Khan's hand fastened on his arm and he heard Feroz Khan's chilling whisper in his ear.

“Lean over a little more, Haji Sahib. Now surely you can see the water. Put down your hand to feel it—so! Or shall we dive together off the rock to find it? Be quick, Holy One. Declare a miracle—or fall with me to Hell!”

They were swaying on the edge of the pit. It would have been useless for the Haji to call for aid. Before a man could have moved a finger, they would have gone hurtling down together.

Feroz Khan's hand was forcing him irresistibly over the ghastly void. Suddenly the Haji screamed so that his voice was flung back from the cliff and echoed round the valley.

“Allah has worked a miracle! The pit is filled with water—it is a sign Feroz Khan is innocent. Let no man harm him . . . he is innocent and protected by the might of Allah. . . .”

Feroz Khan knew then he was safe. For the sake of his own reputation as a holy man, a performer of miracles who could walk upon air, the Great Haji would never disclose how he had been tricked. To do so would make him the laughing stock of Zat.

“Wisely spoken, Haji Sahib,” he whispered. “And now, since the water you alone can see has barred my descent to Hell, I will return across the hills to find the only Paradise I crave.”

A vision of Natta passed before his eyes. Little Natta, who had trusted in his strength, his courage—and his cunning!

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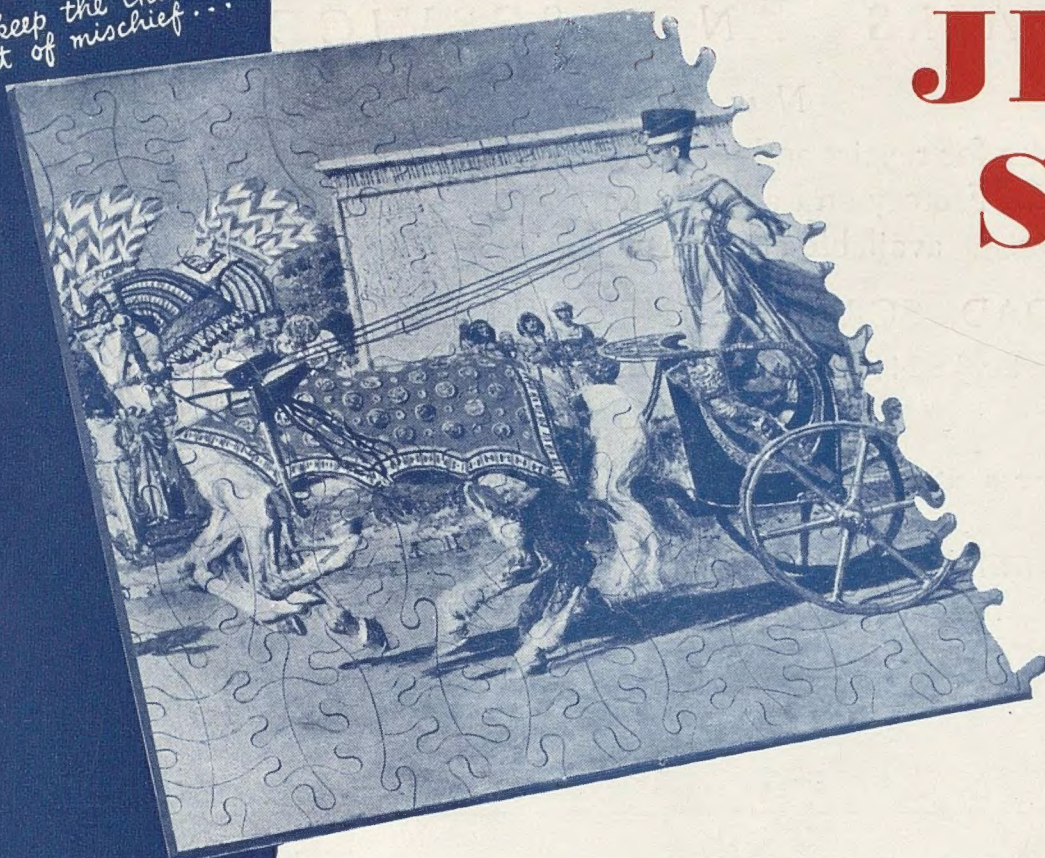
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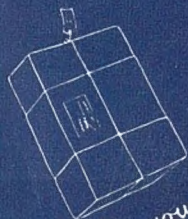
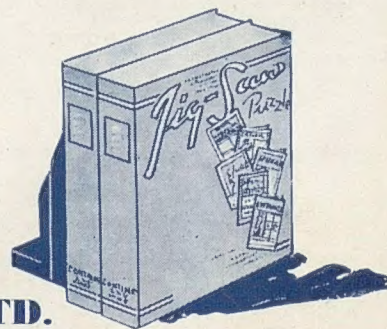
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